The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 161. Vol. XXVII. FEBRUARY, 1905. Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers in this issue of The Bookman an interesting collection of pictures connected with Cervantes and "Don Quixote," we have to acknowledge our indebtedness for assistance received from many quarters. We have to thank Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for their courteous permission to reproduce Mr. William Strang's fine drawing. Messrs. Cassell and Co. have kindly allowed us to borrow from their new edition of The Doré "Don Quixote," now in course of serial publication, and to reproduce the painting by Mr. Arthur Rackham, of which they own the copyright. Our readers will share our gratitude to Mr. Ralph Peacock for the reproduction of his charming picture.

We have also to express our obligation to Messrs. Nelson and Sons for a drawing from their new thin-paper edition of "Don Quixote"; to Messrs. Newnes for the drawing by Mr. E. J. Sullivan; to Messrs. Dent for two illustrations by Mr. W. H. Robinson; to Messrs. Seeley and Co. for a drawing by Vierge; and to Mr. George Allen for an illustration from Mr. Henry Bernard's recent delightful book, "In Pursuit of Dulcinea."

We have pleasure in being able to include among our illustrations several pictures, which hitherto have not been reproduced, from the Ashbee Collection of Don Quixote pictures in the South Kensington Museum. In this matter we have to record our thanks to Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

We conclude our list of obligations by expressing our thanks, for their interest and assistance in the illustration of the number, to two of our contributors to its "Reader" section—Major Martin Hume and Mr. Henry Bernard. If the list is long, we venture to express the hope that our readers will find the result of proportionate merit and interest, and that the Cervantes number of The Bookman will be judged to be a worthy literary and artistic souvenir of a memorable celebration.

In connection with the tercentenary of the first publication of "Don Quixote" this month, Mr. John Lane has issued a new Life of Cervantes by Mr. Albert F. Calvert, the author of "Impressions of Spain" and the superb volume on "The Alhambra." The work is copiously illustrated with reproductions of all existing pictures of the famous Spaniard, facsimiles of the title pages of the first and several of the early editions of "Don Quixote," and a number of the most interesting illustrations from the earliest editions.

Mr. Edmund Candler.
Author of "Lhasa Unveiled."
Photo by Will Cadby.

We are now able to give some particulars regarding "Women Painters of the World," which will be issued in the course of next month by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The work will cover the entire range of woman's

work in art from Caterina Vigri (1413-1463) to Rosa Bonheur and the present day—in all, nearly two hundred artists. The plates—in Rembrandt photogravure, in colour facsimile, in monochrome, duplex plates, and half-tone illustrations—will number nearly three hundred. The critical letterpress will be contributed among others by M. Léonce Bénédite, Keeper of the Luxembourg, Herr Schölermann, Mlle. Westermarck, Mr. Ralph Peacock, and the editor, Mr. Shaw Sparrow. The dedication of the volume, which will be published in art wrappers at five shillings net, has been graciously accepted by Her Majesty the Queen.

The previous volumes of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's Art and Life Library have achieved a remarkable success. "The British Home of To-Day" is now quite out of print, and "The Gospels in Art" is believed to have attained a circulation quite unparalleled.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston, whose first novel, "The Apple of Eden," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, has been busy during the last few months superintending the production of the play which he has made out of his wife's remarkably successful book, "John Chilcote, M.P." We understand that Mr. George Alexander, who will produce it, has a very high opinion of its prospects of success. Mr. Thurston has already had considerable experience in stage-craft.

"The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller, has been made the subject of an extensive review by George Brandes in *Politiken*, the leading Scandinavian journal.

Photo by G. C. Beresford, Yeoman's Row, S.W. **Mr. E. Temple Thurston.**

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at present at his South African home, Rose Bank, near Capetown, where we understand he will remain till the end of April.

Books dealing with the present state of Russia multiply rapidly. Mr. Hugo Ganz's remarkable picture of the perilous condition of Russia, "The Downfall of Russia," has aroused widespread interest, and now Mr. Eveleigh Nash announces for immediate publication a new book by Mr. Carl Joubert, entitled "The Truth about the Tsar."

The Life of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has been one of the most successful of recent biographies. Two large editions have already been exhausted.

A new novel by Annie S. Swan will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is called "Christian's Cross," and it tells how a girl suffered for a brother's crime. The book is one of a series of novels, the first of which was "Mary Garth."

The first number has made its appearance of a journal devoted to psychical research. It will be published monthly by Mr. Philip Wellby, under the title of "The Annals of Psychical Science." French and Italian editions are published simultaneously.

"Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church" is the title of a new book by the Master of Pembroke, which is now in the press. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

A sumptuous new edition of William Morris's "Earthly Paradise" will be issued at once by Messrs. Longmans. It is to be in fourteen shilling parts, forming twelve volumes. A prefatory appreciation will be contributed by the poet's son-in-law, Mr. J. W. Mackail.

A book of exceptional interest is announced for immediate publication by Mr. John Lane. It will be entitled "With the Pilgrims to Mecca. The Great Pilgrimage A.H. 1318; A.D. 1902." The author, Hadji Khan, M.R.A.S., succeeded in taking a number of very interesting photographs, which help the reader to take part in the unveiling of Mecca. Professor Vambery contributes an introduction, and the author has had the collaboration of Mr. Wilfrid Sparroy. Mr. Sparroy spent a number of years as tutor to certain of the Persian princes, and published three years ago an amusing account of his experiences.

Beginning with this month's issue, the *English Illustrated Magazine* will for the future be published by the Central Publishing Co. The magazine has now a history of twenty-two years to its credit.

Yet another book on Lhasa is announced. Mr. Candler and Mr. Powell Millington have both achieved a considerable success, and now we are to have an account of the expedition by Mr. Perceval Landon, who acted as Special Correspondent for the *Times*.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's new volume, consisting of sketches of Andalusian life, will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann. The book is entitled "The Land of the Blessed Virgin."

A new book of humour, by Mr. Wilfrid Jackson, entitled "Helen of Troy, N.Y.," will be published immediately by Mr. John Lane.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for February Madame Waddington begins a new series of letters dealing with life in Rome in 1880. Her previous volume, "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," was very successful.

Mr. A. C. Benson has completed his monograph on Edward FitzGerald for the English Men of Letters series. It will succeed the volume on Sydney Smith by Mr. Russell.

"The Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by his son, Captain R. E. Lee, which have newly been published in this country by Messrs. Constable, have enjoyed a remarkable success in America. Five large editions have been called for.

A book by the late George Gissing that has been much inquired for lately is "By the Ionian Sea." This work has hitherto only been obtainable in quarto form at an expensive price. Messrs. Chapman and Hall have decided to reprint the volume in crown 8vo size, uniform with Madame Duclaux's successful volume, "The Fields of France," and it will be published at 5s. net almost immediately.

Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "An Act in a Back Water," is a story of love and courtship in a quiet cathedral town, and is to be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann. It is interesting to know that Mr. Benson's previous book, "The Challoners," has been the greatest of all his successes.

Mr. Murray will issue shortly a Collection of Lord Byron's Private Opinions of Men and Matters, taken from the new and enlarged edition of his Letters and Journals. The work, which will be arranged by Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany, will be published at 10s. 6d. net, and will contain among other articles Byron's Reflections on Himself, Byron's Religious Views, Byron's Literary Opinions, His Estimate of Contemporary English Poets, His Obiter Dicta on the Drama, and The Valuation of his Friends, among whom may be mentioned John Cam Hobhouse, Charles Skinner Matthews, Scrope Berdmore Davies, Samuel Rogers, Madame De Stael, Shelley, and Sheridan.

Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán.
A distinguished Spanish novelist.

The volume is designed to meet the requirements of readers who wish to obtain a compendium of the chief personal and literary questions discussed by Lord Byron in his "Letters and journals."

Mr. John Ward, F.S.A., has dedicated his new book, "Our Sudan: Its Pyramids and Progress," by request, to Lord Kitchener. The volume will be crown 4to, and will contain 720 illustrations, including many portraits. The price will be 21s. net. The publisher will be Mr. Murray.

We understand Messrs. Blackwood contemplate issuing shortly a new edition of John Hill Burton's "History of Scotland" in monthly volumes at a popular price, and also a uniform edition of Mr. Neil Munro's novels at 3s. 6d. Messrs. Blackwood have acquired from Messrs. Isbister the copyright of Mr. Munro's two novels, "Gilian, the Dreamer" and "The Shoes of Fortune," so that they now have the control of the whole of that author's works.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, who was the only correspondent artist at Port Arthur during the siege, has written an account of his experiences, which will be published by Messrs. Constable. The book will be illustrated from his original sketches, which have appeared in the *Illustrated London News*.

There is a good deal in a name, when it happens to be the name of a novel. If it is at all strange or unpronounceable readers are shy about asking for the book, as both booksellers and publishers have found out by experience. To Mr. Edward Noble, his first book, "The Edge of Circumstance," which has led to his own name being honourably linked by the critics with those of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Conrad, will always be "Schweinigel," the tramp steamer which would not sink, and which is the real heroine of the story; but

Photo by Audouard, Barcelona. **Don Perez Galdos.**
The greatest living Spanish novelist.

the publishers would have none of it. The objection may seem hypercritical, but that is one of the judgments one reverses with time and experience.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the author of "Wild Animals I have Known," is publishing through Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. a new book called "Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac." The work will be illustrated with 100 drawings by the author.

"Rita's" popular novel, "The Jesters," has been translated into Swedish through the Scandinavian Agency Bureau.

"Prince Charming," by the same author, has been transferred to the publishing house of Messrs. Hutchinson. It will be issued in March, uniform with the 3s. 6d. edition of "Rita's" other books.

Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, the author of "When We Were Strolling Players in the East," and "An Actor's Wooing," has just completed a professional engagement in the United States. Her new novel, "A Woman and her Talent," will be published by Messrs. Blackwood early in the spring.

Miss Marie Corelli's new book of Essays is to be called "Free Opinions Freely Expressed," and will be published probably early in April by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.

"The Yellow War," by "O," a work which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood early in February, consists of the brilliant series of articles, which, under the title of "The War in the Far East," has been a leading feature of *Blackwood* during recent months. The author preserves strict anonymity, but it is easy, reading between the lines, to see that he had unique opportunities afforded him at the seat of war. The book, which is to be issued at the popular price of 6s., should prove a worthy successor to "Linesman's" "Words by an Eye Witness," and "On the Heels of De Wet," by "Intelligence Officer." The volume will be illustrated from drawings made on the spot, in which many of the scenes and incidents described are depicted.

The romantic story of Wilhelmina Margavine, of Bayreuth, an influential woman of the eighteenth century, who moved in Continental Courts, and founded the fortunes of the town, has been written by Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, and will be published in the spring by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The book will be an 8vo volume, and fully illustrated. The price will be 12s. 6d.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1904, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1905.

The record of the year just closed will not be remembered with any amount of enthusiasm, for allowing the sales to have been at times considerable, the demand was to a large extent of a fitful nature, frequently giving promise of an amount of success which was not ultimately attained. The output was prolific, and although the issue of entirely new works did not probably establish a record, the reissue of existing standard books in many varieties of binding and price was largely in excess of previous years. The reissue of Shakespeare's works was notably very numerous, whilst a considerable number of editions of Omar Khayyám found a ready sale. Few years have been so fruitful in biographies, which have appealed to all classes of readers, and certainly no recent year has surpassed the large amount of 6s. fiction by authors whose names at all times command a ready market. Still the bulk of trade has been in a cheaper class of literature, and the financial result, it is to be feared, will not be commensurate with the amount of labour entailed.

During the week immediately preceding Christmas the peculiarly dense fogs which were very persistent at times, much impeded business, and it was apparent that purchases were delayed until the last moment.

Since the festival a period of comparative quiet has prevailed, and the sales of the past few weeks have to a large extent been but an aftermath of the former successes.

"Character and Conduct," by the author of the well-known "Being and Doing," has found a ready sale as a gift for the New Year, and the cheap reissue of the famous "Lux Mundi" has fully justified its appearance.

The recent expedition to Tibet commences to bring forth literary fruit in the form of various volumes deal-

ing with that hitherto closed area. Among the most noticeable of these have been "The Unveiling of Lhassa," by Edmund Candler; "To Lhassa at Last," by Powell Millington; and "Tibet and Nepal," painted and described by A. H. S. Landor.

Mark Rutherford's works in the 1s. edition have still been much in request, and the two volumes of "Quiet Talks on Power and Prayer," by S. D. Gordon, appear to be, if possible, increasingly popular.

The sales in 6s. fiction have been confined to the successful issues of the last season. Some thirty new ventures are to hand, but none at present call for special mention.

The Lives of Hugh Price Hughes and Quintin Hogg, together with several other recent biographical works, have been steadily in request, whilst mention must also be made of the continued demand for the "Private Lives of William II. and his Consort," by H. W. Fischer.

Diaries, almanacs, and calendars have of course formed an important item in the month's trade.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

John Chilcote, M.P. By K. C. Thurston. (W. Blackwood.)
Kate of Kate Hall. By Ellen T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)
God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)
Abbess of Vlaye. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
Hearts in Exile. By J. Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Sea-Wolf. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
The Celestial Surgeon. By F. F. Montrésor. (E. Arnold.)
Julia. By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder.)
Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.)

Hugh Price Hughes, Life of. By his Daughter. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Private Lives of William II. and his Consort. By H. W. Fischer. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
The Unveiling of Lhassa. By E. Candler. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Mark Rutherford's Works. 5 vols. Each 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Ruskin's Works. Pocket Edition. (G. Allen.)
Quiet Talks on Power. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Quiet Talks on Prayer. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Lux Mundi. Edited by Bishop Gore. 2s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
Character and Conduct. By the Author of "Being and Doing." 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Finding the Way. By J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 6s. net. (Constable.)
Things Everyone Wants to Know. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Nightingale (Florence), Life of. By Sarah Tooley. 5s. net. (Bousfield.)
Diaries, almanacs, and yearly works of reference.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 24—Intense activity in home trade.
" 31—Very slack in all departments.
Jan. 7—Still quiet.
" 14—A slight improvement. Export brisker.

(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 17TH, 1904, TO JANUARY 19TH, 1905.

With no outstanding expensive book, such as Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," in constant demand, this season's Christmas trade was looked forward to by booksellers with considerable anxiety. However, the general excellence (far above the usual) which characterised the six-shilling volumes of fiction, maintained the monetary value of the sales effected, and business, on the whole, proved satisfactory.

A leading line was undoubtedly Messrs. Black's Series of Beautiful Books. Of course, those of local interest such as "Bonnie Scotland," "Edinburgh," and "Scottish Life and Character," were in greatest demand, but other volumes of the series, notably "Japan" and "Tibet," appeared not infrequently in orders received.

The Church controversy continued to engage the public attention, and there was much literature in connection with it issued, but such efforts did not meet with success.

In religious books one of the most successful was Dr. Matheson's devotional work entitled "Leaves for Quiet Hours," and the leading biography was that of Dr. Wilson, of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, by Dr. Wells.

The quatercentenary celebrations of the birth of John Knox to be held this year aroused much interest in the life of the great Reformer, and the following two volumes obtained popularity—"John Knox," by Professor Stalker, and another book, with the same title, by Mr. A. Taylor Innes, with several others specially written for youthful readers.

There continued a remarkable sale for "The Gospels in Art" in all bindings, and this was generally admitted to be well merited.

The issue of William Watson's Poems in complete form was recognised at once by his numerous admirers to be a distinct benefit, and the edition proved popular.

The following novels were specially prominent:—"The Prospector," by Ralph Connor; "God's Good Man," by M. Corelli; "The Garden of Allah," by R. Hichens; "John Chilcote," by Mrs. Thurston; "The Mask," by Wm. Le Queux; "Olive Kinsella," by Curtis

Portela, Madrid. **Don José Maria de Pereda.**
A popular Spanish novelist.

Yorke; "The Abbess of Vlaye," by S. J. Weyman; and "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

Diaries, calendars, and specially almanacs and annuals were in general request. Whitaker's, Oliver and Boyd's, Hazell's, and the Daily Mail Year Book, proved to be those most popular.

The keen competition in the magazine trade was one of the chief features of the season, and the announcement of Messrs. Newnes' new venture, the *Grand*, without illustrations, caused considerable comment. In the *British Monthly* an excellent account of the Rev. Hugh Black's successful career appeared, and the first number of *Young Scotland*, a new magazine issued in connection with the United Free Church of Scotland, met with immediate success.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:

Six Shilling Novels.

The Prospector. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)
God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Garden of Allah. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
John Chilcote. By Mrs. Thurston. (Blackwood.)
The Mask. By Wm. Le Queux. (Long.)
Olive Kinsella. By Curtis Yorke. (Long.)
The Abbess of Vlaye. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)
Lady Penelope. By Morley Roberts. (White.)
Doctor Luke. By Norman Duncan. (Hodder.)
Confessions of a Young Lady. By Richard Marsh. (Long.)
Hurricane Island. By H. B. M. Watson. (Isbister.)

Miscellaneous.

Dr. J. H. Wilson's Life. By Dr. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Gospels in Art. 5s. and 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
Leaves for Quiet Hours. By Dr. Matheson. 3s. 6d. net. (Clarke.)
John Knox. By Dr. Stalker. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
John Knox. By A. Taylor Innes. 1s. net. (Oliphant.)
Under the Care of the Japanese War Office. 6s. (Cassell.)
Edinburgh. By Rosaline Masson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Scottish Life and Character. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Bonnie Scotland. 20s. net. (Black.)
Robert Burns' Poems, "Bank" Edition. 1s. 6d. net. (Sands.)
Whitaker's Almanac. 1s. and 2s. 6d. each.

The Booksellers' Diary.

FEBRUARY 5—MARCH 6.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

February 6th.

FORREST, G. W., C.I.E.—Cities of India. 5s. net. (Constable)
HAYDEN, ELEANOR G.—Travels Round our Village. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net. ..... (Constable)
TERRY, C. SANFORD, M.A.—John Graham of Claverhouse. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Stolen Waters. 6s. Red Cloth Library. (Fisher Unwin)
HOWELL, GEORGE.—Labour Legislation, Labour Movements, and Labour Leaders. Cheap Edition. 2 Vols. 7s. Reformers' Bookshelf Series ..... (Fisher Unwin)
VAMBERY, ARMINIUS, C.V.O.—The Story of My Struggles. New Edition. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin)
RUTHERFORD, MARK.—Catherine Furze. Popular Edition. 1s. net. Eighth Edition ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Rosamond Grant, 6s. (John Long)
MIDDLEMASS, JEAN.—Count Reminy, 6s. ..... (John Long)

February 7th.

MEADE, L. T.—Little Wife Hester, 6s. ..... (John Long)

February 8th.

LAUGHLIN, CLARA E.—Stories of Authors' Loves, 6s. (Isbister)
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—The Fate of Felix, 6s. (John Long)

February 9th.

BUCHANAN, ROBERT.—God and the Man. Cheap Edition. 6d. (Chatto and Windus)

February 10th.

TWEEDALE, VIOLET.—Lord Eversleigh's Sins, 6s. (John Long)
GRIFFITH, GEORGE.—The World Masters, 6d. ... (John Long)

February 11th.

PEAKE, PROFESSOR A. S.—Job. "Century Bible." 2s. 6d. cloth, 3s. 6d. leather, net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

February 13th.

NANSEN, FRIDTJOF.—Further North. New Edition. 6s. (Constable)
BRADLEY, A. G.—The Fight with France for North America. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
GASTROW, BARTHOLOMEW.—The Memoirs of a German Burgomeister. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
CONWAY, SIR WM. M.—The Alps from End to End. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
HOLYOAKE, GEORGE JACOB.—Bygones Worth Remembering. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 21s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SCHREINER, OLIVE.—Trooper Peter Halket. Shilling Reprints of Standard Novels. 1s. net. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
VILLAIN, PASQUALE.—History of Florence. Popular Edition. Uniform with Savonarola. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

February 16th.

TYTLER, SARAH.—His Reverence the Rector, 6s. (John Long)

February 20th.

FITZGERALD, PERCY, F.S.A.—Lady Jean: the Romance of the Douglas Cause. 12s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
JESSOP, AUGUSTUS, D.D.—Coming of Friars. New Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
METHLEY, ALICE M.—The Identity of Jane, 6s. ... (John Long)
BUTLER, H. E., M.A.—Sexti Propertii. Opera Omnia. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
CHAMBERS, R. W.—In Search of the Unknown, 6s. (Constable)
FOX, JOHN.—Crittenden, 6s. ..... (Constable)
OLDHAM, BRIGADE-SURGEON C. F.—The Sun and the Serpent, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)

February 23rd.

HEALY, CHRIS.—Heirs of Reuben, 6s. ... (Chatto and Windus)
BARING-GOULD, S.—Red Spider. Cheap Edition. 6d. (Chatto and Windus)

February 27th.

BARLOW, JANE.—By Beach and Bogland, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—Love and the Soul Hunters, 1s. net. Shilling Reprints of Standard Novels. Uniform with Rutherford Works ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HAYDEN, ARTHUR.—Chats on Old Furniture. Illustrated. 5s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

February 28th.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Mademoiselle Nellie, 6s. ..... (John Long)

March 1st.

WALLACE, MRS. WILLOUGHBY.—Woman's Kingdom, 6s. (Constable)
SCOTT, EVA.—The King in Exile, 15s. net ..... (Constable)

March 2nd.

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Missing Elizabeth, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)

March 3rd.

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Beneath the Veil, 6d. ... (John Long)
HUDDY, MRS. MARY E.—Matilda, Countess of Tuscany. With Four Photogravure Plates. 12s. net ..... (John Long)

March 5th.

WEDMORE, FREDERICK.—A Dream of Provence (Orgeas and Miradon). 1s. net ..... (Isbister)
WEDMORE, FREDERICK.—To Nancy, 1s. net ..... (Isbister)

During the Month, Dates Uncertain.

VITELLESCHI, MARCHESA.—The Romance of Savoy. 2 Vols. 24s. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
HUGHES, RUPERT.—The Real New York, 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)
CUNNINGHAM, J. F.—Uganda and its Peoples, 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)
THIRLMERE, ROWLAND.—Letters from Catalonia. 2 Vols. 24s. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
CHAPIN, ANNA A.—Makers of Song, 5s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
ROSADI, GIOVANNI.—The Trial of Jesus, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
A Spinster. The Truth about Man. 5s. ... (Hutchinson and Co.)
Woman's Home Library. (1) The Mother's Manual. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
Woman's Home Library. (2) Beauty through Hygiene. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
STEUART, J. A.—The Rebel Wooing. (Novel.) 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
"RAINE, ALLEN."—Hearts of Wales. (Novel.) 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
CASTAIGNE, ANDRE.—Fata Morgana. (Novel.) 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
ALTSHELER, JOSEPH A.—Guthrie of the "Times." (Novel.) 6s. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
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From a Drawing by William Strang. THE SECOND SALLY. **Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.**

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THE READER.

CERVANTES AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

By Martin Hume.

BY a curious coincidence the white town that slumbers eternally on the fertile Castilian plain where many waters meet, Complutum of the Romans, Alcalá de Henares of the Moors and Christians, is indissolubly associated with two men; the first of whom, Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, was the inventor and main executor of the policy that led Spain for a century on the false path of self-deceiving heroics, and the second, Miguel Cervantes Saavedra, was the man who by a stroke of genius finally dissolved the mirage that had, as a consequence, dazzled his countrymen so long to their undoing. Cervantes was born at Alcalá thirty years after the great Cardinal was laid to rest in the sumptuous tomb set in the midst of the University that held the first place in his heart, and which his generosity made for a few fleeting years the most famous in the world. The exalted spiritual pride and religious exclusiveness which Ximenez and his sovereigns had deliberately fostered as an instrument to work the fallacious national greatness, was still in its full power and confidence when the writer who was to chant its mocking requiem was born in 1547. The troops of the Emperor, assured of the special approval of the Most High, were arrogantly trampling over the enemies of their ensanguined Lord to the goal of personal mystic distinction at which they aimed, or to death unrecorded in distant lands. Under the spirit aroused by Ximenez and the "Catholic Kings" Spaniards had been almost for the first time in history united for a common end, as a solid weapon in the hands of their masters for purely mundane objects, of which the people, in their spiritual pride and vanity, dreamed not. Thirst for sacrifice—always latent in the Iberian breast—made men careless of suffering inflicted upon others, or endured by themselves. Cruelty was not cruelty, rapine and greed were not rapine and greed, to them; because the men who

wreaked it were allied with the hosts of Heaven, and in the sacred cause no wrong could be done. And so, with no disquieting doubt, the nation for a century held itself superior to all others of the sons of men, and the reek from the burnt flesh of heretics was deemed the sweetest incense to be offered up to Heaven; a symbol of mystic oneness of "God and Spain."

St. Mary's Church in Alcalá de Henares.
Where Cervantes was baptised.

No great popular obsession ever existed without its literary manifestation, and it was not lacking in the case of the Spaniards, the most literary people in Europe. It came in the revival of the entirely artificial stories of chivalry, which had had their day in feudal countries when the restraint of central law was weak, and society was held together by attachment to a romantic ideal of power and virtue personified in the territorial military chief. To Spain it meant much more than it had done in feudal England or France, and it assumed a somewhat different form. The altruism of the stories was greatly accentuated in their Spanish garb, the self-sacrifice of the hero was heightened, because it was often endured for the sake of loyalty, rather than with a view to subsequent indulgence. But the more disinterested the hero was represented, the greater his sufferings for an abstract idea, the more unreal the stories became as time went on. The adventures that in "Amadis of Gaul" had been extravagant enough, became in its successors preposterous and absurd. But such was the spirit of the Spanish people in their temporary craze of unpractical heroics, that they seized with avidity upon any literary expression that fed their vain imaginings.

Cervantes' House.
Where the author corrected the first proofs of "Don Quixote."

The disillusion came slowly, slowly as all things come in Spain. Defeat, disaster, poverty; all these were but trials inflicted upon the chosen people and their sacred King to make the final inevitable triumph the more glorious; and the nation dwelt in a fool's paradise whilst the people rotted in sloth and misery, and religion drifted ever further away from the conduct of daily life.

A century of failure, however, gradually worked its effect. "God has forsaken us," was the agonised whisper that ran through the sailors, as the Armada, baffled and helpless, was hustled up the North Sea to destruction; and the sinister cry was never stilled entirely, until disillusionment, utter and complete, had turned the whole people into scoffers, who mocked in their hearts at the gods to which their heads fruitlessly bowed down. With ritual and lip service still as slavish as ever, the whole Spanish people at the beginning of the seventeenth century ravened to scarify with their irony the idols that had failed them. The Church was strong, and they dared not whisper, even, against the symbols of the faith, but the artificial literary manifestation of their passing madness, the romances of chivalry, and the more unreal but less popular pastoral rhapsodies, were fair game and ripe for slaughter.

Spain, indeed, was surfeited with unreality, and in full reaction. Only a complete reversal of literary taste was possible; for the monstrosity of the romantic fiction had no relation now to actual life; it could not be reformed or amended, and the rogue-tale was born. To the ineffable hero, too noble and good for the world, there succeeded the anti-hero, a crapulous scamp, whose sole object in life was idle indulgence at the expense of others; instead of the peerless princess languishing in royal palaces in the intervals of her abduction by ogres and rescue by the hero, there was the trull of the streets living in debauchery and crime; instead of sweet sights and gentle sounds there was the squalor of the slum and the foul babble of the beggar's feast.

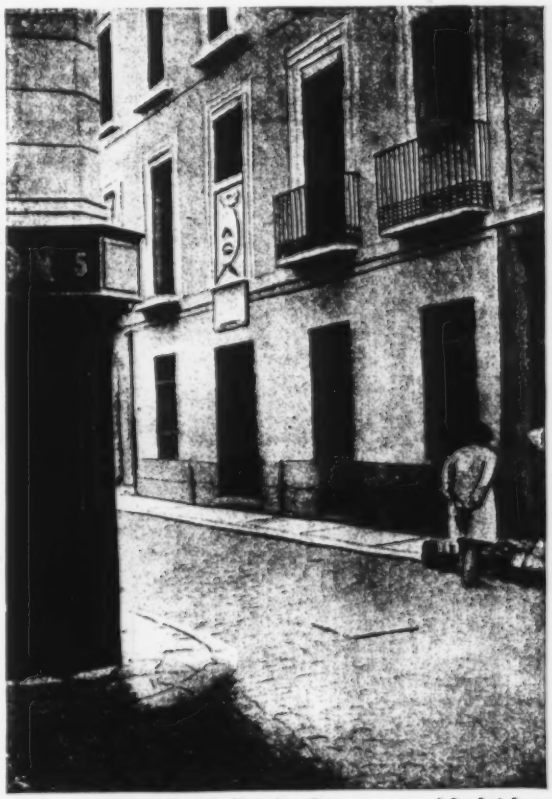
The reaction first showed itself in the picaresque novel of "Lazarillo de Tormes" fifty years before "Don Quixote"

saw the light; and that, and subsequently other rogue novels, especially "Guzman de Alfarache," which appeared five years before "Quixote," received the welcome that proved how truly they represented the public taste. Only the peripatetic framework had been adopted from the chivalric romance: the rest was a frank reversal from impossible artificiality to unsparing realism.

Miguel Cervantes thus lived through an epoch of literary change. It was, moreover, essentially a dramatic age, when the new realism found its most popular medium in the stage, and through all his youth and prime the great genius, who was to be the supreme exponent of the prose novel of action, failed to recognise or to anticipate the trend of public taste, and struggled unsuccessfully to please readers, and supply his scanty purse through media in which others excelled him. With his keen observation and witty irony he cannot fail to have seen the absurdity of the pastoral romance in which he made his first serious bid for fame and fortune; it must have been his poverty rather than his will that led him to adopt what he thought would still be a popular form. From his boyhood he had written verse. Chamberlain to a Cardinal in Italy, soldier in the Italian armies of Spain, galley slave for years in the hands of the Moors of Algiers, he never ceased to write; and, when he could, to read; and it was doubtless the fashionable taste of the Italian cultured classes that inspired him to write his pastoral novel of "Galatea" after the manner of the Italian Sanazzaro, and in imitation of the "Diana" of the Portuguese Montemor. The tales of lovelorn shepherds and shepherdesses in pastures of unimaginable richness were never native to arid Spain. The form was purely classical in its origin, and great as Cervantes' powers of invention and expression were, even he could not render it other than exotic. Of the seventy odd shepherds and shepherdesses introduced into "Galatea" all are amorphous shadows, unlike any men and women that ever lived. The form of fiction was, and was intended to be, purely fanciful, and it is sad that Cervantes, the prince of all realists, with his keen mocking humour, his photographic observation, and his boundless vitality, should have elected to fetter his genius by the adoption of such a vehicle for its manifestation.

But it was impossible quite to stifle his individuality, even in "Galatea"; and no doubt the exquisites to whom such works mainly appealed regarded as incongruous blemishes the little naturalistic touches, like that in which the refined Teolinda is made "to wipe her eyes on the sleeve of her shift," or in the charming passage in book iv., where the adoption of Cupid as the personification of love is vigorously chaffed. "Galatea" was probably written, except the interpolated verses, which may be earlier, about 1582, after Cervantes' ransom from slavery in Algiers, either during or shortly after his participation in the campaign of Portugal. However that may be, the book was published at Alcalá de Henares in 1585, when the author was thirty-eight years of age. The book had little vogue in Spain, though it was the author's darling work to the last hour of his life, and he always promised, but never issued, a sequel to it. But, looking at it now with unprejudiced eyes, we see plainly that Cervantes, limited by the traditions of his medium, was timid and constrained in such work. When years later he had found his true vocation, though never wavering in his affection for "Galatea," he almost cynically recognised its faults. In the examination of Don Quixote's library, when "Galatea" comes under review, he says, "The author knows more about reverses than verses. The book has some good invention in it. It presents us with something, but brings nothing to a conclusion. We must wait for the second part it promises; perhaps with amendment it may succeed in winning the full measure of indulgence that is now denied it."

Undaunted by the failure of his pastoral, Cervantes



18, Calle de Cervantes, Madrid.
The House in which Cervantes died.

then turned his attention to the stage, at that time and later the most profitable of any form of literary production. This must have been about 1585; but the room for new dramatic poets was small, and play-spinners were numerous. The great Lope de Vega himself was just beginning to display his marvellous fecundity, and was soon able to supply almost as many plays as were needed; and he and his school bitterly resented intrusion into their domain. How many dramas Cervantes wrote we know not; but he himself, in his "Addition to Parnassus," gives us a list of those he thought the best. "I have written many," he says, "and, if they were not mine own, I should consider them worthy of praise; as were 'Los Tratos de Argel,' 'La Numancia,' 'La Gran Turquesca,' 'La Batalla Naval,' 'La Jerusalem,' 'La Amaranta,' 'El Bosque Amoroso,' 'La Unica,' and 'La Bizarra Arsinda,' and many others that I remember not. But

From a Spanish Painting. **Don Quixote.**

"There lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen."

that which I esteem and prize most is 'La Confusa,' which, without offence to all other comedies of cape and sword hitherto known, may be held to be good amongst the best." The author bitterly continues that actors will not play his pieces because they have their

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

"'Peace, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war.'"

(Reproduced from "Don Quixote," by kind permission of Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons.)

own "kept" poet. But, withal, posterity has confirmed the verdict of contemporary Spanish actors and playgoers, and Cervantes' plays, except perhaps "Numancia," for its noble diction, preserved as a piece of literature, are dead and forgotten.

Failure rankled in his heart; but he struggled bravely, for he was ever a battler, and his blows fell shrewdly upon the rabble of poets and jealous scribblers who ceaselessly attacked him. He was a bit of a swaggerer too, and was always ready to wave his handless left wrist, and throw into the faces of detractors his honourable wounds in the wars, so ill requited, whilst the carpet knights were battening upon the patrons' bounty. He never lost faith in the goodness of his own work, though misery, persecution, and poverty dogged him throughout his life; and the half serious, but wholly affectionate, raillery, with which he spoke of his writings was extended to his personal appearance, of which he gives the following attractive picture, showing how truly a representative Spaniard of his epoch he was, even in his appreciative self-consciousness: "He whom you here behold, with aquiline visage, with chestnut hair, smooth unruffled brow, with sparkling eyes, a nose arched, although well proportioned, a silvered beard, although not twenty years ago it was golden; large moustache, small mouth, teeth not important, for he has but six of them, and those in ill condition and worse placed, because they do not correspond with each other; the body between two extremes, neither large nor small, the complexion bright, rather fair than dark, somewhat heavy shouldered, and not very nimble on his feet. This is the portrait of the author of 'Galatea,' and 'Don Quixote de la Mancha.'"

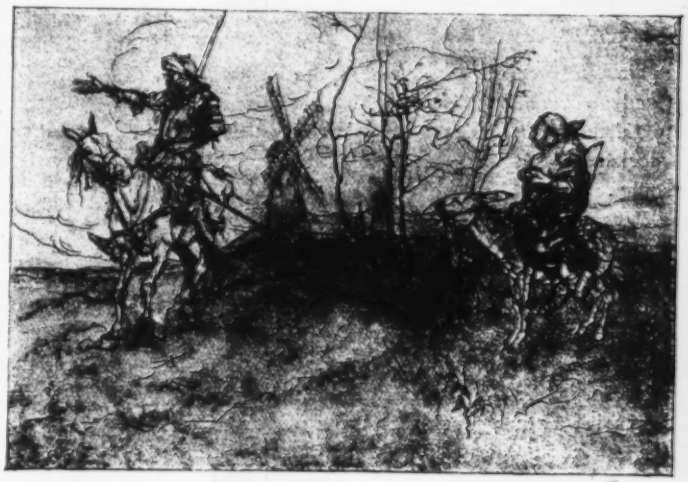
For all his prayers, lacking as they were perhaps in adulation, he only obtained from powerful patrons poor and uncongenial Government employment; first as assistant naval storekeeper at Seville and Cadiz for the great Armada against England, and afterwards as a collector of overdue taxes in the South of Spain. In pursuit of the latter irksome office he had to ride far and much over the sunburnt plains of La Mancha, and on the slopes of Sierra Morena. Staying in out-of-the-way villages, and in squalid roadside *ventas*, he must have noted, and, with his keen sense of humour, enjoyed, the quaint types he encountered, and the strange stories he heard. The man with the "sparkling eyes" must have treasured it all in his myriad-faceted mind; and, once more, with the idea of naturalising in Spain a form of fiction that he had found fashionable in Italy, he utilised the experience gained in his journeys by writing short stories, such as Bandello and other writers had made popular in Italy.

These stories by Cervantes, which many years afterwards became famous under the name of the Exemplary Novels, were written gradually and at considerable intervals, doubtless as subjects occurred to the writer; for Cervantes had none of the wonderful facility of Lope de Vega, and composed slowly. In his wanderings he probably met with some affront or ill-treatment at the poor town—little more than a village even now—of Argamasilla de Alba on the lowest slopes of the Sierra Morena, where the undulations merge into the far-reach-

ing plains. Some grudge he bore against the place, though what it was one knows not; perhaps the little local squireling who struck his fancy was really touched in his wits; perhaps the author merely took his physical characteristics to embody his mental creation. In any case Cervantes had in his mind a simple, elderly unmarried country gentleman, perhaps named Quijada, perhaps Pacheco, as some say.

There are scores of such houses as that in which he lived still standing in the towns of La Mancha, and one needs no very strong imagination to call up a picture of the man and his surroundings as Cervantes saw them. The house stands facing the street, with great double doors studded with elaborate metal bosses. There are no windows in front, but one or two small grated openings high up under the long overhanging eaves. A grated *guichet* in the door enables those within to reconnoitre visitors before they enter. When the doors are opened a large, bare *zaguan* or outer lobby nearly the width of the house, with trodden earth for its floor, is disclosed. To the right is a heavily panelled door leading to the private apartments and to the staircase reaching the upper gallery of the courtyard, into which the principal rooms open. Opposite the great outer doorway there is another panelled door leading to the courtyard itself. In the centre of the courtyard is a well with a few flowers around it, and the galleries, which run round three sides of the square, are supported by grey stone pillars, and surmounted by tiled penthouse roofs. In this mansion, unpretentious except for its carved stone scutcheon of arms over the doorway facing the street, lives the small provincial gentleman, like scores of others of his class, in proud indolence. On his pacing nag he may go out in the cool of the morning sometimes to see his tenants, and watch the crops upon his small domain; on occasions he will take out his leash of greyhounds to course a hare, or will wander forth with hawk on wrist, or with his crossbow to bring down any eatable game he can find. His life thus passes monotonously from youth to age. He lives leanly, keeping two fasts a week besides the strict Lenten observance, making his principal meal invariably on the national *olla* of beef, bacon, sausage, and cabbage on flesh days, with a meat salad for supper; scraps and giblets on Saturdays, and a pigeon or so extra for Sundays. Homespun clothes him on ordinary days, but upon ceremonial occasions he dons doublet of broadcloth and trunks of velvet, as befit his nobility. This was the man that the inspired tax collector took as the type upon which to hang another short story, which should contrast the mad unreality of the chivalric romance with the prosaic work-a-day scenes familiar in the poverty-stricken Spain of the end of the sixteenth century.

It was an excellent literary idea to start with, for the whole people was yearning for portrayals of real undecorated life, as a revulsion from the ecstatic nonsense that had formed their mental food for so long, and the chivalric romances were a good quarry. In the hands of even an inferior workman an attractive short story might have been written on the theme at the time. But Cervantes was not only a supremely good prose craftsman of letters, but he happened in this experiment to stumble upon the precise medium which best displayed his genius. He had seen much of the world, both at home and abroad, and he had done and suffered much; his observation must have been as comprehensive as it was minute, and his memory was marvellous. Already into "Galatea," unpromising as was



From a Painting by Arthur Rackham. **Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.**

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From a Drawing by E. J. Sullivan. **Don Quixote.**

"I am a stranger and a knight adventurous that laboureth throughout many realms for to win worship."

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the vehicle, he had crammed more epigrammatic apothegms than most men had heard in a lifetime; for Spain was ever the country of sententious wisdom, derived anew and direct from its Oriental peoples; and to this day its rustics unconsciously weave into their boorish speech clear-cut crystals of proverbial philosophy.

When Cervantes chose to send out his wool-gathering squireling wandering over a work-a-day world, and construing the prosaic happenings of La Mancha by the will-o'-th'-wisp of a too ardent imagination, overstimulated by long study of the chivalric romances, he was building better than he knew. The machinery of the tale, unlike his other short stories, enabled him to deal with as many incidents as he pleased, since, like the chivalric tales, and their reaction the rogue romances, the action took place during warfaring that might be extended indefinitely whilst the author's material held out. There is no doubt that when Cervantes first began his tale to satirise the chivalric craze his idea was to write a story of twenty or twenty-five thousand words, dealing with one journey only of Don Quixote, which, if the sole end and object of the story had been to raise a laugh at the already exploded literary fashion, would have been sufficient.

The story was probably begun about 1592, and, like all the author's writings, must have progressed very slowly, as the quaint sayings and intensely humorous situations occurred to him. We can imagine him in the intervals of his lonely rides over hill and plain sitting down to add a few more pages to his ever growing creation. For it must soon have been obvious to him that with such superabundant material as he possessed no mere short story would suffice to tell all he wished. The achievement rapidly outgrew its original framework. To satirise the artificiality of Amadis, few pages were needed, but to set forth in bubbling vivacious prose the hundred quaint, realistic scenes suggested by experience or imagination as being possible in rural Spain, and to repeat but a portion of the gems of witty wisdom stored in the writer's memory in the form of apothegms, required a bulky volume indeed.

And so the creation grew, page by page, amidst toil, poverty, persecution, and trouble untellable, the hero's madness being used still, but not so much now for the purpose of slaying again the slain Amadis, as to enable the effective contrast to be drawn between the squalid scenes presented, and the glorified distortion of them produced by the disordered brain of Don Quixote. At first there was no Squire Sancho, and indeed none would have been needed if the original plan of a short satire of the chivalric romance had been adhered to. When the tale developed into a realistic portrayal of contemporary Spain, contrasted with the romantic figments suggested by a great national aberration, a figure to personify the prosaic reality was necessary as a foil to the exalted hallucinations of Don Quixote; and Sancho came into existence, without whom his master would have lost half his significance. Quixote, indeed, may be taken as a personification of the Spanish people under the influence of the false sixteenth century ideals that ruined them, and Sancho of the permanent, solid element of the nation when the gilded dream had fled.

Whilst the romance was thus gradually growing, doubtless to the intense enjoyment of the author himself, a terrible blow fell upon Cervantes. An agent in Seville with whom he deposited the money he collected for the Government absconded, and Cervantes' draft upon him in favour of the treasury was protested in 1595. Cervantes was responsible, and the claim made upon him was 2,640 reales (about £66). This he could not pay, and was cast into prison in Seville. For the next three years he was frequently in and out of gaol in relation to the same claim, and was then dismissed from the public service. Toiling still for mere bread for his wife and family as a commercial broker, but writing always, though with little or no profit to himself, the unhappy genius struggled on. The crushing claim against him was eventually referred for judgment to the Supreme Audiencia at Valladolid, the temporary capital of Spain, and thither the ruined man was summoned to answer for his debt in 1603. Doubtless he had tried long and hard to get a publisher who would buy some of his manuscripts, for he must have had not only the first part of "Don Quixote" ready for the press, but several short novels as well. Publishers, however, were always timid folk, and both the short story with a realistic Spanish setting, and the long novel attacking an established literary tradition, were bold innovations. In 1604 Cervantes passed through Madrid with a heavy heart on his way to Valladolid in answer to his summons, and there he submitted the manuscript of "Quixote" to the judgment of the publishers. The literary clique which dictated public taste, led by Lope de Vega, damned the book unhesitatingly. It was too real. The prevailing theatrical tendency demanded, in the opinion of the poetical dramatists who were its principal exponents, that vulgar events and common speech should be tempered by poetic presentation and romantic idealisation. The exact reproduction in plain Castilian prose of every-day episodes and the talk of ordinary people were in their eyes downright vulgarity, and the literary magnates, including Lope de Vega, who saw "Don Quixote" in manuscript, sneered at it as a coarse thing. But still a publisher, doubtless with much misgiving, was induced to buy the manuscript, for a trifling sum, we may be sure, though the exact amount we do not know. His name was Francisco Robles—perhaps a son of the publisher of similar surname, who issued "Galatea" at Alcalá twenty years previously—and he thought so little of his purchase that he only paid the fees covering the permission to publish in the realms of Castile, which did not include Aragon, Valencia, Catalonia, or Portugal. The privilege was taken out on the 26th September, 1604; and the price of the book (about 4s.) was officially fixed, as was then obligatory, on the 20th December of the same year. The title page bears the date of 1605, and it is known that the book was on sale in January. Everything tends to prove that it first saw the light publicly in print in the second fortnight of January, 1605. It was wretchedly printed, on poor discoloured paper, the text was full of slips and errors, the sheets had apparently

From a Painting by E. Gamba. Ashbee Collection. **Don Quixote at the Inn.**

got mixed, and the " emendations " of the official corrector, though few in number, are ignorant and absurd. Publishers, officials, and printers had between them done their best to spoil any chance of popularity the book might have.

But they could not kill such an offspring of genius as this. The book might appear vulgar in the eyes of dramatic poets, blinded by the glare of the footlights and the glamour of the stage, but it was real; and the Spanish people, after a century of delusion, were hungry for reality. Before the ink of the first issue was well dry, pirated editions were brought out in Lisbon and Barcelona. Robles hurried to take out additional privileges for Portugal and Aragon, for he saw what a gold mine he had stumbled upon, and himself rushed out editions in Madrid and elsewhere. All uncritical Spain cast itself upon the book with delight. The inexhaustible variety of the scenes and types described in fine facile prose that all could understand, the humour and humanity that pervade the whole text, the wisdom of the apothegm; and, above all, at the time, the unsparing ridicule of the romantic artificiality of the fashionable fiction, appealed irresistibly to Spanish readers. In two years it was published in Brussels, and English literary men were talking of it soon after, though Shelton's English translation was not published in London until 1612. Thenceforth the vogue of the book in all lands and many languages has never waned. Its attack upon the chivalric romances had little point out of Spain, but the contrast between the prosaic reality of every-day life and the exalted imaginings of a generous lunatic is a theme that appeals to all the human family permanently; and humour, wit, and gay wisdom have no nation and no century. The fertility

From a Drawing by W. H. Robinson. **Sancho Panza and Dapple.**
"How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple?"
(Reproduced from "Don Quixote," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

of resource, the tender humanity ever balancing between smiles and tears, the sounding of emotion to its base, that make Shakespeare's plays immortal, have done similar service to "Don Quixote"; and the two books stand with the poems of Homer and Dante, aloof from all other profane literary products of the human brain; standards of excellence for all time to come.

The success of "Don Quixote" brought to its author fame and popularity, but little or no money. He still for a time was in and out of prison on various pretexts, still wrote slowly and laboriously, promising much more than he could perform. Eight years passed before his collection of short stories, twelve of them, was published by Robles, of Madrid, under the name of "The Exemplary Novels"; the publisher having bought the manuscript for £33. These again are supremely excellent in their way; crammed full of the same fine qualities that have made his famous masterpiece immortal; and in the prologue to them he proudly claims to be the first author to naturalise such stories in Spain. Through all these years of poverty and neglect he still continued to work heavily and laboriously, as his wont was, at the continuation of "Don Quixote." When he had reached the fifty-ninth chapter he learned (in 1614) that someone else, under the pseudonym of Avellaneda, had published a spurious sequel. Who wrote it no one knows, but it is extremely fine, and will almost compare with the work of Cervantes himself. But the fraud stung Cervantes to the quick, and the insolence and cruelty of Avellaneda's preface turned his heart to gall. Hurriedly finishing his own second part, with many a bitter jibe at his imitator, he hurried it through the press almost at the same time as the spurious sequel was brought out. Cervantes' second part is in some respects, especially in style, superior to the first. The satire on the romances of chivalry is considerably relaxed, for it was now less necessary and timely than it had been years previously, but the incidents of the novel themselves are traced with a firmer touch, and with the confidence of an accepted master. Other works Cervantes had in hand, as well as the long promised continuation of "Galatea," but one pledge only was redeemed. On his death-bed, in poverty and pain, he dedicated "Persiles y Sigismundo," which he meant to be "the best or worst book ever written in our tongue," to the Duke of Lemos. This was signed on the 19th April, 1616, with, as the writer says, "one foot already in the stirrup," to post down the road to the valley of death. On the 23rd April the other foot was raised from earth, and the immortal Cervantes was hustled into an unmarked grave in the Convent of Barefoot Trinitarians in the Street of Cantaranas. Like Shakespeare, his fame needs no monument. "Don Quixote" will outlive marble, and whilst "Quixote" lives Cervantes will be loved, not only because of his transcendent genius, but also because he was very, very human.

THE HUNTING-GROUND OF DON QUIXOTE.

By Henry Bernard
(*Author of "In Pursuit of Dulcinea."*)

WHEN my poor friend Tomás, the philosopher of Manzanares, took me in quite ignorant faith to see the Vista del Frances, he not only dallied with passing untruths, but with the verities called eternal. "As we advance in life," says Froude, "we learn the limits of our abilities"; and as on that historic day we sought for the view which the Frenchman extolled, we learnt in the

direst of all schools, we learnt the limits of applied geography. I have no doubt at all that Tomás, in spite of the culinary and transcendental affairs with which he was chiefly concerned, would have been as delighted to show me the Frenchman's view as to reveal Don Quixote's precise wind-mill. And if such a task should be beyond human strength it will at any rate be less dolorous than that of the wayfarer who comes to Vaucluse and the desecrating paper-mills. Tomás, perhaps, was too little of this world, but a Manchegan of average wisdom would conduct the pious, and that most accurately, from scene to scene of Don Quixote's exploits. He would, waiving his natural surliness, be willing to show where each act had been committed for which our Knight is held responsible, and not merely like the guardian of Stratford-on-Avon, celebrated by Henry James, to demonstrate where the great man was accidentally born. But the ways of the faithful are past finding out; they will—like so many common people—gaze at certain houses in Ayr, although this involves but slight inconvenience, and they will neglect to go to La Mancha, although the story of what they suffered would gain them considerable applause. Also, their quest will not be absolutely futile; for if the native imagination has met with scant encouragement, there have been sundry foreign benefactors who have moved quixotically over that region.

And now we may look at the Venta de Quesada, perchance too at the burly Sancho who watches there, undisposed to argue, and we may know that in this place our hero piled his arms when he spent the time in vigil. The fat innkeeper who knighted him has gone the way of all his flesh, so that from those crumbling walls one must march with hunger and thirst along the lonely, royal road to Manzanares, and there the grey *patrona*, with her weary retainer Maria Jésus (if the strategic barber has not yet married her), will be glad to bestow on man and beast all that attention of which they are capable. But if the *patrona's* parti-coloured petticoat should happen to be troubling her soul, she would welcome the departure of any traveller, however lucrative, who promises to convey the garment to her misguided brother at Argamasilla, where also Cervantes was imprisoned. That small, subterranean chamber, where the tax-gatherer began his great revenge, has been left in its primitive condition, just like the road which runs to Argamasilla. And yet the good Spaniards who refuse to tamper with antiquities have been somewhat tainted by the modern spirit, for your driver will hasten in the most reckless fashion up and down a road which demands other treatment. But Argamasilla de Alba herself, lying in the midst of the *despoblado*, presents, in Don José, so warm a welcome that even a purgatorial night at the inn, with its populous beds and its sallow host and its murderous club, will be transfigured in recollection. Before you settle down at Don José's, lolling sweet hours in his white *patio*, go with all speed to the church. Isabella's hand is very tremulous, her candle threatens the famous picture—it may be you will arrive too late, and then even her opinions on art, howbeit original, will not divert you. This portrait, which stands in the north transept, is of Don Rodrigo de Pacheco, who was one of that numerous and still surviving class which achieves immortality by persecuting genius. He, the sole hidalgo of the town, was the cause of Cervantes's incarceration, and if his Malvolio-like features are a little too prosperous for a Knight of the Rueful Countenance we may suppose that the words of Cervantes have more of the truth than another's brush. Moreover, we read on this picture (which displays Don Rodrigo and his niece prostrate before the Virgin) that "Our Lady appeared to Don Rodrigo de Pacheco on the eve of St. Matthew, in the year 1601, and cured him—who had promised her a lamp of silver, and called day and night upon her in his great affliction—of a great pain he had in his brain through a chilliness which had fallen into it."

From a Drawing by W. H. Robinson. **Don Quixote.**

"He rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at."
(Reproduced from "Don Quixote," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

From a Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum.
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Sancho Panza and the Duchess.

But Argamasilla's principal boast is the Casa de Medrano which, unlike the chief birthplace of its famous tenant at Alcalá de Henares, has been judged worthy of preservation. There seems to be no dispute that here in the prison-like harem, which betrays the Moorish influence, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was held in captivity. But how much he wrought in this dark cell, whose ceiling is but seven feet from the earthen floor, must remain undecided: the most careful of historians will admit that in this place the book was probably conceived, for the prologue to the first part informs us that it was "engendered in a prison." There is, on the other hand, a school of more romantic historia..s to which belongs most fervidly the entire population of Argamasilla, save one or two, such as the gambling magistrate and, of course, Dolores and Don José, my friend of the sun-rise, who being another Tertullian is sometimes bound to say "Credo, quia absurdum." But with these exceptions the prevailing faith is a mere matter of degree, it being held by the most advanced school that the Casa de Medrano is the birthplace not only of the first part of the book and of the second, which was written ten years later, but also of every episode in the life of Cervantes, including the battle of Lepanto.

There is no reason why you should not start for the Cave of Montesinos, taking a rope and a small bell. The fashionable method is to set out by night, so that you may try to let the cart shake you to sleep while it traverses the dreary plain. Then it is good to waken when you reach the wilder district. A desolation of discoloured rocks, distorted shrubs, inhospitable soil—league after league in the pitiless sunshine (for at other seasons you will not travel) and possibly you will meet Mateo. Not to do so would be deplorable, wherefore it is well to dispense with a Guardia Civil, whom that uncouth but paternal *alcalde* of Argamasilla will place at your service. In a land of general monarchy, Mateo is a professed republican, and for the reason that policemen wear uniforms his misunderstandings with them have been chronic. Time was when his little stone hut in the wilderness (his "shooting-box," as I have heard it called) was the mark of many sturdy Guardias, for the Government was anxious to possess Mateo's head. Nothing could have been more pathetic—Mateo in love with all the world, longing beyond everything to raise the downtrodden and utterly unable to prevent himself from shooting at Guardias, took tearful leave of his native Catalonia, where Guardias are plentiful, and retired to these Manchegan solitudes which no man used to tread. This he did in the prime of life, at the sole bidding of one he loved, and when she died he remained in the wilderness—enduring the cost to his purse and his principles. So small were the means that presented themselves for gaining his own and Bianca his infant daughter's bread, that if the Government had been sagacious they would simply have allowed him to starve. Instead of which they must needs send a man in uniform, and after his death another and another, so that the prayers which Mateo was wont to say for the repose of their souls made considerable inroads upon his leisure. Usually their names were unknown to him, wherefore he would remember them by their official numbers. "*Señor Dios*," he used to pray, "I beg you to regard with mercy 3854 and 2871, who were riding near the stream, and 3563, the square man, and the one who was hiding behind a rock—I forget his number, but you will know, *Señor Dios*, and I too am a sinner." As the years fled he began enthusiastically to devote himself to the education of Bianca, a maiden of wistful loveliness. In most things she revered him, but

From a Water-Colour Painting by Sir John Gilbert. **Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.**

Ashbee Collection.

in one she resembled her dead mother, for she felt and expressed the strongest repugnance against his drastic custom with Guardias. And now he shoots no more—whenever one of the corps draws near he shuts himself up with Bianca, lest the temptation should prove too powerful. So much of grace, too, the Government owns; for, thinking that he is repentant, they have taken the price from his head and even restrain the young Guardias from needlessly crossing his district. The last one he slew was a Catalan, who for a glance from Bianca's eyes braved the prejudices of her father. I suppose he might have come incognito, but those trappings made him so splendid that his one thought was to charm Bianca. Unluckily she was away from home, and Mateo, from whom I have the story, has never ceased to regret that fact. "*Por la barba de Dios*," said he, for like other solitary men he possesses close knowledge of the Deity; "*por Dios, Señor*," and here he placed his thin hand upon my knee, "there never was a man whom I killed with greater grief." The poor fellow's voice was husky; then he tossed his dishevelled hair, and fixing his singularly blue eyes upon me, he resumed: "This man was unlike the rest; he came for Bianca, not for me. Ah, my sweet Bianca! to think of what I have deprived her. . . . There was the foolish Guardia riding up an empty torrent-bed, and I was a little further up. *Vaya*, there are times when one would sooner be dead. He was magnificent, and was coming honourably to sing to Bianca, and I knew that I must kill him. '*Por vida del demonio*,' I shouted, 'run from here, run away quickly,' and the man stopped his horse. *Caramba*, he was like a monument. I was keeping myself behind a rock . . . the man looked about him. I shouted again—if he could have seen me! All the life in me had run into my fingers, all my passion, my valour—but I kept them from the gun. Then I prayed that he would fly. *Señor*, such was my anguish that I prayed aloud, and the man heard me and he laughed—it was not well. I sent a bullet into his wrist, one into his elbow, one into his left hand so that his rifle was of no value. Then I went towards him . . . naturally I was exasperated—what would you? 'Offspring of a detestable gipsy,' said I, 'for this insolence you shall pay.' He was sitting quite limply upon that horse, and when he saw me he began to swear. As I listened to him all my anger vanished, for he was swearing in Catalan and so beautifully, *señorito*, that I would have kissed him. *Cristo*, to think that I was about to kill this man! It was difficult . . . difficult. If ever you find yourself in such a position, my friend, you have my sympathy. 'Keep quiet,' said I, 'and it will be finished instantly, without pain.' Still he continued swearing—his face was nearly as blue as his uniform, and I took the gun very carefully in my arms. But he was inexperienced, thoughtless—he moved and I missed his heart. It was dreadful to see him lying on the ground, shaking his battered arm at me and cursing—as if I had not done everything to save him. . . . Beyond all else I wanted him to think better of me, so I approached and knelt at his side. I told him that rivers could not help flowing and beggars could not help begging and I could not help myself shooting Guardias. '*Hombrecito*,' said I, 'we must be friends.' *Vaya*, for that man, *señor*, I would have done everything, and what think you was his reply? He turned towards me and he laughed, and when he had ceased laughing he was dead."

But if you should not encounter Mateo there is still the Cave of Montesinos, wherein—for this we have a knightly word—are such sublime and unheard-of

marvels that many people will not believe in them. Near the ruins of Rocafria we skirt the lagoons of Ruidera. This chain of lakes was visited by Don Quixote, Sancho and the student on their way to the wonderful cave. As for the ruins, you may not discern them, since in these parts every jagged mountain seems to consist of deserted dwellings. Grey, tawny mountains of the solitude that parody Spain's empty towns. The cave, which may be an old Roman copper-mine, is no less difficult to discover, for its mouth even in the time of Cervantes was "large and broad, but full of box-thorns and wild fig-trees, of common brambles and thickets, so dense and intertwined that they completely cover and hide it." Yet with the prescribed piece of rope, more rope and the small bell there should be joy for the least adventurous. Do not forget when you dangle in mid-air that the recess of which Don Quixote speaks is on the right hand. You will otherwise, like a certain commentator, not only see nothing, but will also be unable to persuade us that you have been there. At no great distance from the cave is that picturesque Ermita de Saelices at which on their return our three predecessors lingered. The knight, indeed, was so tolerant of human frailties that he considered it possible to be a good hermit even without those ancient rigours, namely, those of the deserts of Egypt where they clothed themselves in palm leaves and fed upon roots; nor did he comment upon the fact that in the absence of the hermit they should be received by his feminine deputy. Her disposition, at all events, was kindly, though Sancho, desirous of wine, did not appreciate her offer. "If," said he, "it had been a water thirst, there are wells on the road where I could have quenched it."

Other parts of La Mancha remain, such as the Campo de Monteil, which Don Quixote traversed in search of adventures. Monteil is a village of outward wretchedness, lying at the foot of gigantic ruins. In such a spot one thinks of the battle between Don Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastamara as having polluted the neighbouring fields not in 1369 but yesterday. Monteil's desolate, wind-swept plateau, where an occasional shepherd is a sight to startle one, brings forth a harvest of briar and rocks. Man with his little works does not accord to that vast, grey wilderness; he that would enter it—who has the right to?—must be no less mad than Don Quixote.

And I have said nothing of Toboso, for that last journey no pen can paint. Likewise it behoves each traveller to plan the route for himself. All I can do is to wish you God-speed, in the final hope that, as fortunate as I was, you may not meet your Dulcinea.

HISTORIANS AND CRITICS.

By Andrew Lang.

MY friend Dr. Hay Fleming (I daresay he will allow me to call him my friend, and to drop the "Dr.") is certainly the best qualified critic of my writings on Scottish history; especially in the period of the Reformation and Covenant. For that reason he is also the most severe of my critics, though probably he might be infinitely more severe if he had more space at his disposal. Mr. Squeers found, when first he whopped a boy in a cab, that the situation cramped his style. But, if I am an inexpert historian, I am a critic of some experience, and possibly I may be allowed deferentially to drop a few hints to Mr. Hay Fleming on his own critical method, confining my remarks to his censures on the third volume of my "History of Scotland," in The Bookman (Christmas Number, 1904).

The volume had an idea pervading it, namely, that the period of James VI., Charles I., the Cromwellian Conquest, and the Restoration was occupied by a struggle between two intolerable tyrannies: the Divine Right of the Kirk, with its "Discipline," and the Divine Right of the Stuarts. Both notions were mischievous, uncritical, fallacious, hostile to the freedom of the commonwealth and of the individual, and both were based on misapplications of detached scriptural texts. The two tyrannies clashed and crushed each other: the Stuarts were expelled; the Kirk had to drop the Covenant as binding on all generations; to put up with an uncovenanted King; and, though still permitted to persecute, was obliged slowly to draw in her horns.

That was the general idea of the volume; Mr. Hay Fleming did not say a word about the general idea. He said that the "Solemn League and Covenant" (he might have added the Covenant) is my *bête noire*. So it is; not because I disapprove of the resistance to the self-popery of Charles I.—I highly approve of it—but because the documents—the Covenants—making fancied treaties with Omnipotence, treaties to be binding on all generations, were stupid anachronisms. Can any mortal deny it? I called the Covenant "a paper fetich" (I think), and that is my opinion. Scotland was not Israel; the Liturgy was not "Baal worship"; the Royalists were not Amalekites; and the hanging, or drowning, or otherwise doing to death in cold blood of a few poor Irish women, prisoners, months after they were taken at Philiphaugh, was an abominably unchristian action. We all know this; the opinion is not a "prejudice"; it is a Christian verity. The clamour of the preachers for the blood of Cavalier captives—as for the blood of Kirkcaldy of Grange seventy years earlier—on the ground that "God's plague will not cease till the land be purged of blood"—by blood—(Morton to Killigrew, August 5th, 1573) was a revival of a savage superstition in a Christian country. The ordinary popular books about the Covenant do not bring such things into prominence. Not in them will you read that "the martyred Earl of Argyll," in a letter, expressed approval of torturing the Presbyterian preachers who were out with the rebels, such as Mr. Mackail. It was my business (and pleasure) to expose many things usually overlooked.

My book is not "an apology or a vindication" of Montrose; it is rather a prose hymn to the great Mar-

From a Painting by Ralph Peacock.
Photo Henry Dixon and Son.

(Reproduced by courteous permission of the Artist.)

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA

From a Drawing by H. C. Brewer.

A Village Street in La Mancha.

(Reproduced from "In Pursuit of Dulcinea," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

quis. I did criticise the evidence for the massacre of women at Aberdeen, where he commanded, and on that point, as I am myself uncertain, and as the massacre would be as great a blot on the honour of the Graham, as the Dundee massacre is on the honour of Monck (or Monk), I should have been glad to know Mr. Hay Fleming's opinion. Mr. Gardiner, in his pitiable, ignorant way, cites for the massacre an authority which does not exist. At all events, if Montrose had a chaplain, *he* did not insist on the massacre, as in another case did the Rev. Mr. Nevoy, author of "a handsome paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon." One of my sins is not to have said that the paraphrase was in Latin! Perhaps Mr. Hay Fleming knows in what form of Latin verse it was couched, or did this bloodthirsty man do the Song into Latin prose? As to Montrose, I am guilty of "ignoring Patrick Simson's statement" about "his being given to women." Women were greatly "given" to Montrose, probably; but who is Patrick's authority? Possibly Montrose resembled Napoleon and Wellington in this respect, but except that some love letters were found in his possession, I know no case of scandal about him, granting that to possess love letters is scandalous. Does Mr. Hay Fleming? The suggestion that the godly Laird of Brodie is *not* known to be the laird of the old song, was irresistible, and was correct—if James V. wrote the song, for which I know no evidence. Mr. Hay Fleming takes the matter as seriously as Knox took the skit, an obvious *jeu d'esprit*, with which Thomas Maitland, and others of the Lethington family, were credited. This seriousness is only possible in my own dear country. In 1,500 pages of *Scottish* history, a man might be allowed not to be fully serious concerning the absurd Laird o' Brodie. Gibbon was much more flippant about matters more serious.

In the Covenanters I am said to see "scarce a virtue." This after I had promoted Margaret Wilson, "the Wigtown martyr," to a place "in the white company of Jeanne d'Arc!" But there were Covenanters and Covenanters. Mr. Hay Fleming assures me that Cromwell was a Covenanter, and I greatly admire the virtues of Cromwell; the good nature and humour of Sir James Turner; the excellence of Montrose; the wit of Charles II.; the loyalty of Napier; all of whom were at least as much Covenanters as Cromwell was, unless I am mistaken about Sir James. To have signed the Covenant, or the Solemn League and Covenant, is one thing; to be "a Covenanter" is another. "There is such a thing as a Covenant with Death and Hell," said Cromwell to the Kirkmen. The Covenanters had the virtues of courage and of loyalty to the ideas which they accepted; and generally, I doubt not, of thriftiness and personal propriety of life. They had the vices of intolerance and fanaticism.

But my great fault is "lack of patient research and intimate knowledge." Now I do not know the period as Mr. Hay Fleming knows it; nobody does. My attention has not been solely confined to the period, and certain books of "niggie naggies" (as the Covenanter Baillie calls the prolix arguments of Guthrie and others) I did not read at all. But I did investigate many points more closely, I think, than many of my predecessors: such as The Incident, the final dealings of Charles II. with Montrose; the conduct of Argyll towards Charles II.; his claims to statesmanship; his duel *à la* Mr. Winkle; and the situation of Charles I. as regarded the Scots, before he went to them; also the "trimming" of Leighton. Is it quite a good critical method to say nothing either of the general idea of my book, or of the treatment of these important questions, while much space is devoted to such things as this—I say that "Sharp was low born" (the son, I believe, of a Sheriff Clerk), and again, that he "was not without some drops of gentle blood." To the nobles and barons the Archbishop would certainly seem "low born"; there is no contradiction in my two statements. But I did devote such patience as I possess to the study of the psychology of Sharp; believing him not to have begun as a Judas, but to have long resisted temptation, appealing (like a weary bowler!) to be "taken off," that is his phrase.

The late Professor York Powell thought that I had proved my case. Mr. Hay Fleming says nothing of all this, which is important, but he is excited about my statement that a horse was "galloped over" Sharp's body. Well, he *may* have been ridden down at a walk! That he was "ridden up and down over," is, I grant, an exaggeration of the prolonged and bungling butchery of the Archbishop by men who, according to a recent author, "possessed the secret of Christ." I regret that I overlooked, or forgot to insert, a Minute of the Privy

Council, as to the promise to Mitchell; but I fully accepted the fact that the promise was made and broken. The case is as black as can be; nobody can call me an advocate of Lauderdale, whether when he canted, or when he ceased to cant. It is really all but inconceivable that Mr. Hay Fleming should take me seriously when, Wodrow saying that the would-be assassin, Mitchell, "vindicated his practice," I write "his pistol practice?" which was bad. He shot the wrong prelate.

It would be perfectly easy for me to prove, on lines like Mr. Hay Fleming's, that Mr. Froude did not know his subject, that Macaulay did not know his subject (especially the Highland part), and that even Mr. Gardiner, like General Councils, "may err and has erred." Criticism is not the mere taking of tithes of mint and cumin, even if these tithes are due. When, for example, Mr. Gibb's penitents are said, by Walker (I beg pardon, *some* of his penitents!) to have confessed "sins that the world had not heard of, and so not called to confess them to men," I understand Walker to refer to such false hysterical confessions as Mrs. Bowes made to John Knox—that the sins of Sodom reigned in her heart! Why should people confess sins that were perfectly well known to the neighbours? If I "boldly use an unlimited plural" as to the man or men, "one or two," murdered by Hamilton (he only shot *one*, but he thought it wicked not to shoot the lot), I have the bad precedent of Mr. Knox, who told Mrs. Locke that Mary of Guise mocked at the death of "children," at Perth. In his *History*, I confess, Mr. Knox limits himself to one boy. I think Mr. Hay Fleming will find that Shields also uses the "unlimited plural" in the case of old women and young women, drowned by the persecutors. However, I am but too grateful when such errors are brought to my notice, and I correct them when I can. But, as to "haste," I have the misfortune to be sixty years of age! I cannot hope to sit brooding over authorities for another sixty. I must do as I may. Still, in my humble opinion, the thing is to *do* it; not to brood on the eggs and never hatch them!

New Books.

WILLIAM WATSON'S POEMS.*

Much importance attaches to the edition of his Poems which Mr. Watson has just put out. It is not a Complete Collection, but rather an Authorised, Definitive Edition, comprising only those poems by which he elects to stand or fall, and rejecting those which he hopes—alas, how vainly—may repose in the obscurity of editions long since out of print—a Collection which embodies the Poet's present estimate of his various works, and which may be regarded as a self-criticism. In this delicate task, he appears to have been assisted by Mr. Spender, whose brief Introduction, temperate, critical and judicious, inspires confidence in his advice. To him may be probably ascribed a most precious feature of the book, a "Chronological List of Mr. Watson's Works," or complete bibliography, giving (what is unusual) the full Table of Contents of each volume, and marking with

* "The Poems of William Watson." In two volumes. 9s. net. (John Lane.)

From a Drawing by Gustave Doré. **Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.**

"It was yet early in the morning, at which time the sunbeams did not prove so offensive."

(Reduced in size from the new Fine Art Edition of "The Doré Don Quixote," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

From a Water-Colour Painting by G. Cattermole.

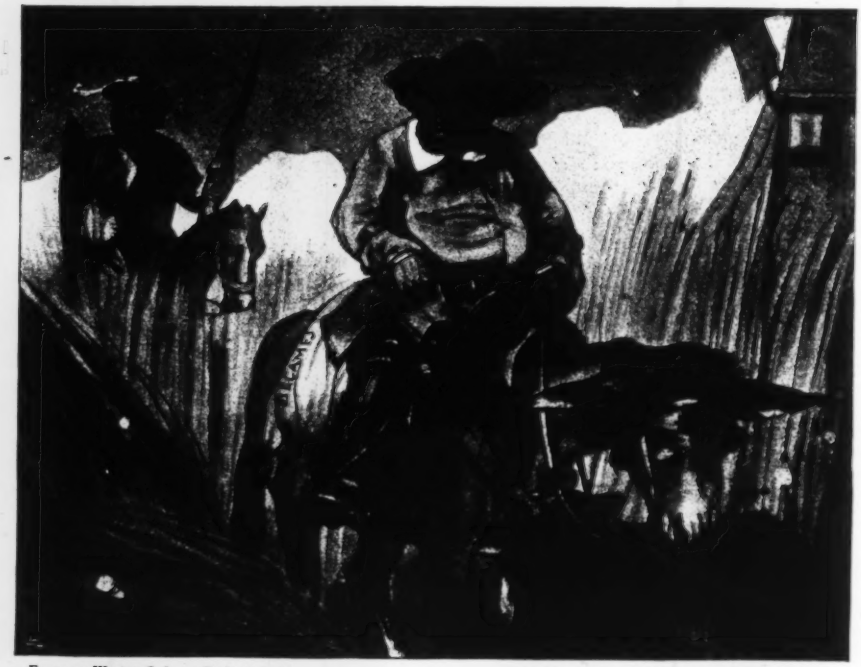
Don Quixote in his Study.

Ashbee Collection.

an asterisk every poem excluded from the present collection. Nothing is more tantalising than Complete Works, which we are warned are not quite complete; the horizon of our critical view is obscured by mist; what it conceals we do not know; so we suspect the best or the worst—why cannot the author leave us to pick over his fruits for ourselves? But here there is no concealment. Whatever Mr. Watson has printed, he avows; we feel we grasp the whole; if we would fain recover any piece which he rejects to-day, he tells us where to find it. Moreover, these tables supply us with the chronological order of the poems, which is not followed in the Collection. And this order, as the natural order, is always worth noting, sick as we are of the impertinent nonsense of modern critics, who incapable of appreciating or understanding the poetry, prefer to paw and fumble at what they call the Mind of the Poet—which not even their betters, nor hardly he himself can understand—and in the public ear drown his message with their gabble about Developments, Moods, Phases, Tendencies, Schools and Influences. Nay, we could even have wished that to each poem in the book had been affixed the year of first publication, if not of composition.

The new grouping has its convenience. First come the four great Elegiac Poems. Then two not always dissimilar classes, Odes and Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems. Next the Narrative Poems, of which the "Eloping Angels" might have been rejected — Mr. Watson is not formed for burlesque. The Poems and Sonnets on Public Affairs are conveniently grouped apart from the other Sonnets. After the Epigrams—much weeded out and revised—are added under the head of Early Poems, "The Prince's Quest" and five short pieces, also from the volume of 1880. A few poems, mostly sonnets, are new. These too are pointed out for us by a distinguishing mark.

We are heartily with Mr. Spender when he claims for the poet the right to revise his poems again and again. In poetry which aims at perfection it seems to be not only a right, but a duty. I have not yet been able to collate, but have noticed with approval a few of the very numerous emendations. Fourteen years ago, on its appearance, I remember praising the artless limpid ripple of "World-Strangeness." Could I possibly have overlooked that ugly boulder in its course which now shocks me? In the lines, "In this house with starry dome, Floored with gemlike plains and seas," the word "gemlike" must surely be new. Anyhow it is fatal. A bad word, poor, artificial, hackneyed, and in this line halting and unmusical. Moreover, in sense not only far-fetched and affected, but absurd. View this earth from the moon, or on a map. You may speak of emerald isles "set in the silver sea," may call the lakes sapphires and the ice-peaks diamonds; but how can you liken plains and seas to gems? The ocean with all its ramifications is one gem, or none. Continuous, all-embracing, it is, as Shakspere saw, the setting of the land. As to plains, the prairies may be monster emeralds and Gobi a boundless topaz, but most plains are diversified in colour, broken by trees, rivers, towns—utterly un-gemlike. Probably in the poet's mind this beautiful vision of the earthly home of the soul was bounded by the visible horizon, but that makes it worse, makes his gems relatively vaster than ever. The idea of a gem is extreme smallness combined with beauty, preciousness, and rarity. In his "starry dome" the poet shows us true gems, sparkling and infinitely tiny; then in the same breath describes



From a Water-Colour Painting by Alex. G. Decamps.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the Corn.

Ashbee Collection.

as "gemlike" the infinitely vast materials of his floor—the boundless plain—the sea on which we may launch right away to the Antipodes! I see his difficulty. He wished to retain both his rhyme to "ease," and his charming idea of tesselation, which could not be compressed into one line, and which he clumsily tries to suggest by the epithet "gemlike." Pages could be filled with various solutions of the problem and the reasons for their rejection; but already the critics are moaning, "Not a syllable about Moods! and all this fuss about the meaning—the *mere meaning* of a single word!" Yes, but Mr. Watson is no fashionable warbler—only what that obsolete old Milton would call a "grave bard"—so his supremest care is his meaning, a meaning always worth our exploring. And should he chance to see this note, he is sure to have another tussle with that refractory line.

From the very first in these columns we have pleaded by sober argument, not by hysterical praise, Mr. Watson's right to the foremost place among our living poets. We have nothing to retract, or to add save this warning. A greedy perusal of these volumes is like a hurried survey of the Salon Carré or the Elgin Marbles. We close them with a certain sense of oppression, tension, fatigue, monotony, and sigh for a little graceful frivolity, or boisterous mirth, or quaint humour as a relief. The fault is ours. The remedy too is ours. Mr. Watson very seldom attempts what is unsuited to his genius. Poems like his should be read at intervals and by instalments, and the favourites should be learnt by heart and pondered word for word. The book must not be viewed as a whole. It is not a work of art, but a collection of works of art, like a cabinet of gems. You do not visit a picture gallery just to stand in the doorway and admire the general effect.

Space fails to review the new poems. Of the sixteen sonnets several are very fine, one, "In City Pent," almost equal to the "Melancholia." Two or three lyrics are rather disappointing, but one called "Leavetaking" is a tiny gem.

From an Oil Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

Sancho Panza and Dapple.

"Pulling out of his wallet a piece of bread, he gave it him with the relish of one of his proverbs."

Sheepshanks Collection.

Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night:
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part:
Pass thou away.

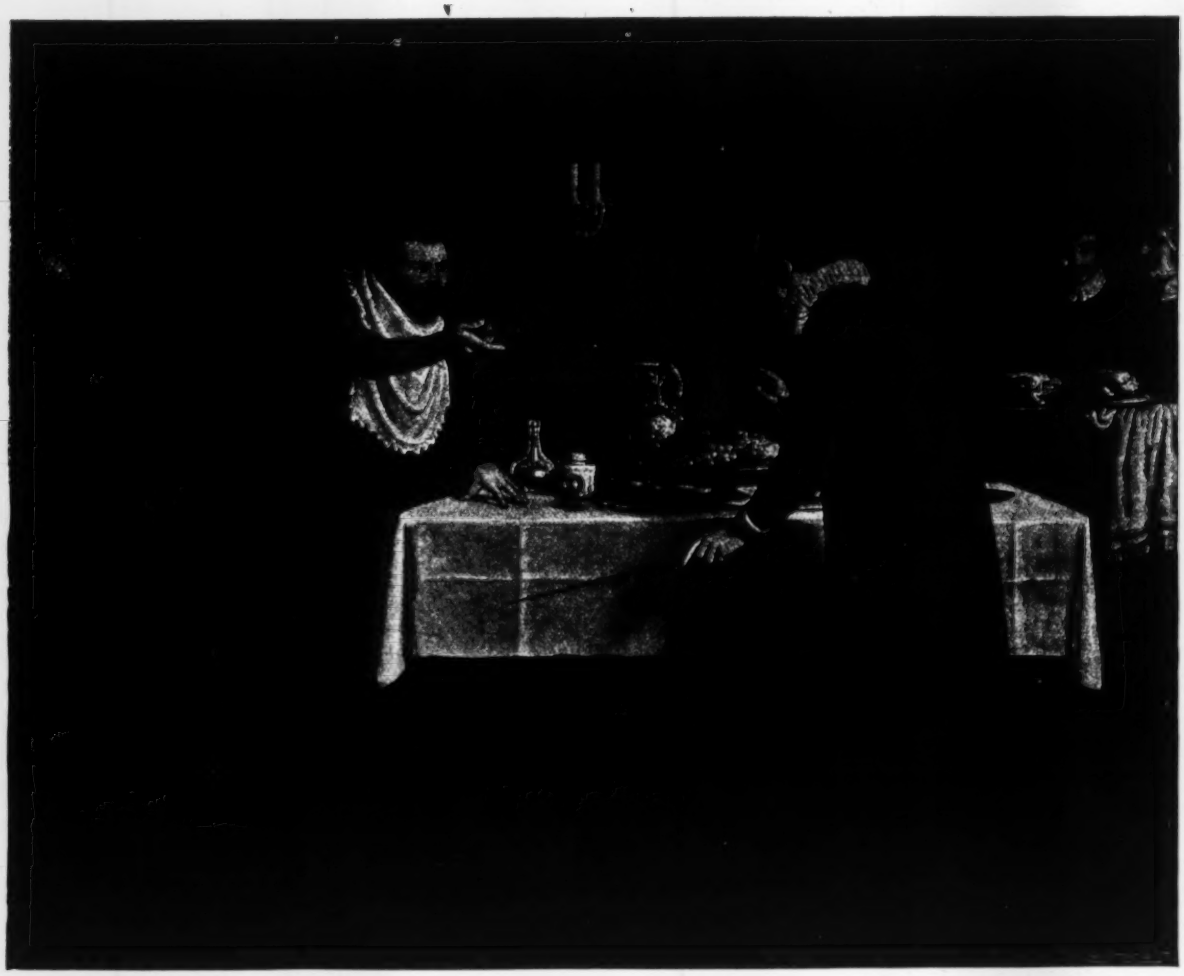
Perfect in form, in diction chaste and harmonious, original and striking in its turn of thought on a theme, the "putting away of childish things," not hitherto consummately treated, eloquent in its appeal to the heart, and above all, exquisitely brief—but the echo of a sigh—this gem should be enshrined with the "Glimpse" and the "Melancholia," but for a certain inaptness in the metaphor. The transition from youth to maturity is awkwardly symbolised by that from sunset to night. The loveliness of night suggests rather the repose of old age or the peace of death. The true analogy is the rose and gold of dawn on the peaks changing to the hard clear light of day. But perhaps Mr. Watson really means what he says, that as youth fades, the sunlight of the soul dies with it, and all henceforth is darkness. Is this pessimism sound doctrine? Experience delights in confuting it. Dearly as we love its sheen and lustre that is no perfect pearl which has a flaw. So to this gem of song must we deny the praise of perfection, flawed as it is by a sadness so cruel, so remorseless, because so unsubstantial. The Muse reveals her divinest majesty as with consoling charm she wipes away the tear she has bid to flow.

Y. Y.

"WINGS AND STARS."*

When, in 1893, at the age of sixty-one, Gladstone wrote to Burne-Jones offering him a baronetcy, his first trouble after acceptance of the honour was the choice of arms and a motto. "I don't suppose I have any," muttered the painter, remembering, and proud of the fact, that his father (whom he describes as "a very poetical little fellow, tender-hearted and touching, quite unfit for the world into which he had been pitched") had been a Birmingham carver and gilder.

* "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones." By G. B.-J. Two volumes. 30s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)



From a Water-Colour Painting by J. W. Dawson. **Sancho Panza at the Feast.**

"For, by my hopes, and the pleasures of government, as I live I am ready to die with hunger."
Ashbee Collection.

So he must choose his own arms and motto. And he chose Wings and Stars, with the motto, *Sequar et attingam* (I will follow and attain).

That choice was so like him, so like the single-hearted, modest man, ever eager after righteousness, who is disclosed in these pages. Those pages number in the two volumes 659, and at first one is disposed to say that this is another of the many biographies that should have been compressed into one volume. It is the painting life of Burne-Jones that we desire to know about; but not till page 130, when he makes that memorable visit to Rossetti, and leaves "having carefully concealed from him the desire I had to be a painter," are we asked to consider Burne-Jones as an artist. Later on, when Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones visited the Continent in the company of Ruskin, we are given the names of the hotels they selected at Boulogne and Paris. "Of course we visited the Louvre," the narrative goes on; but there is not a word of what Ruskin or Burne-Jones saw at the Louvre. Perhaps it is ungracious to mention these details. None else but G. B.-J. (Lady Burne-Jones) could have written the memoir, and if it is too long, if there are superfluities that clamour to be blue-pencilled, the pages are so crowded with interesting and vital passages, and are so informed with love and reverence for the dead, that I for one would not have the heart to curtail or delete.

Men and women who were making the art and literary history of the century pass and linger through the pages. Morris, Burne-Jones's oldest friend, reading Chaucer aloud to him in the evenings; those mornings at the Grange when "he reads a book to me, and I make drawings for a big Virgil he is writing—it is to be wonderful, and put an end to printing"; the happy business relations and his life-long intimacy with Morris's ripe and untiring personality; their visit to the Louvre, where Morris made Burne-Jones shut his eyes and led him up to Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin," before he allowed him to open his eyes; Holman Hunt, "the greatest genius that is on earth alive"; Rossetti—"those first things of his that were such miracles to me"; Swinburne, who would call sometimes two or three times in a day, bringing his poems "hot from his heart"; Ruskin, whose matchless use of words darts and flashes through these pages. "It's mere nuts and nectar to me the notion of having to answer for myself in court." Nuts and nectar! How good it sounds! How juicy! And who but Ruskin, in attempting to reckon up Burne-Jones for an Oxford lecture, could have said—"it's like counting clouds"; George Eliot, who writes a letter that must have gone straight to the artist's heart: "I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me"; Meredith—"'What shall we talk of?' said he, 'politics or art?' 'Politics I never think of,' said I, 'and art I never talk of.' 'Let's begin on Epps' cocoa,' said he, and so we started off, and had a fine time of it"; Mr. Kipling—"Dear Ruddy, I love your hymn [Recessional]. It is beautiful and solemn, and says the word that had to be said"; Mr. Francis Thompson, whose "Hound of Heaven" touched Burne-Jones as no mystical words had touched him since "The Blessed Damozel"; Mr. Barrie, whom he found "nice and thin and pale to look at," but "he would not talk at all."

And what of the man himself, Edward Burne-Jones, whose personality dominates these pages. Certainly a lovable man, a tireless worker, unambitious, who painted, and drew, and designed, because his religion was, "Make the most of your best." "Make the most of your best for the sake of others." He held that it was always a mistake for a man to swerve from the exercise of his own special gift. And although he was often disheartened, he never tired of painting the dim, mystical dreams to which he gave his life. Just before his death, which was mercifully quick and unexpected, he said to an art student (to whom he was giving advice, showing pictures, and extolling his favourite blue—"the most pure and lovely colour in the world"), "I should like to paint for seventeen thousand years. Why seventeen? Why not seventy thousand years?"

From an Oil Painting by Sir John Gilbert.

Don Quixote disputing with the Curate and Barber.

"A knight-errant I will live, and a knight-errant I will die."

Ashbee Collection.

Burne-Jones could never have been anything but what he was, the painter of "King Cophetua," "Love Among the Ruins," and "The Briar Rose." He liked one vision only—the interior vision; he liked one kind of painting only—the pictures by the old Italians, works by Rossetti and those who were of their kinship. For all that great modern school, so daring, so ebullient—impressionism that dates from Turner: "plein air" painting, the wind blowing, and the rain wetting, that dates from Constable—he cared nothing. The modern movement did not exist for him. His heart was with Fra Angelico in the convent of S. Mark at Florence, and with the early painters of the Rhine Valley—those mystic, nameless masters. He did not think of becoming a painter until he was twenty-three, because "I hated the kind of stuff that was going on then." Not until he saw the works of Fra Angelico and Rossetti did he discover that he liked painting. He was really a mediæval student, with a passion for illuminating manuscripts. And he had all the recluse's power of withdrawing into the fastnesses of his own mind. Certain ancient pictures set him on fire; he was always homesick for Italy; art that had not mystery in it left him cold; the system of exhibiting pictures for sale in galleries was repugnant to him. For success he cared nothing. Misfortune or sorrow in others always drew his sympathy. He grudged the drowsy, sleepy parts of long poems, but loved "little things, not many lines long, that make me tingle every time I say them—whereof the crown and ensample are those piercing ones—

> "Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Conquest, Imperialism, the competition of the market-place were anathema to him, and this dreamer, such is the irony of life, was Mr. Rudyard Kipling's uncle. We know what he thought of his nephew's "Plain Tales From the Hills." But we have yet to learn what the author of "Stalky and Co." thinks of "The Merciful Knight Who Forgave His Enemy." I never walk through Bloomsbury without remembering that the marigolds in that haunting picture were painted from the garden in Russell Square.

Like all true artists he was modest about his work. "How poor and faint my beginnings were—a little twitter at dawn." At thirty he could write: "I work daily at Cophetua and his maid. I torment myself every day—I never learn a bit how to paint;" but he did learn how to paint, in his own circumscribed way, supremely well, and he learnt how to live. *Sequar et attingam.* Wings and Stars.

It was a happy life of incessant work, brightened by a great capacity for friendship, enlivened by his natural gift for seeing the humorous side of things, and his capacity for fun. One perfect year he had—the year of his marriage. Recalling it long afterwards, he wrote:—

"There was a year in which I think it never rained nor clouded, but was blue summer from Christmas to Christmas, and London streets glittered, and it was always morning, and the air sweet and full of bells."

C. LEWIS HIND.

ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS.*

A glance at the admirable select bibliography which Mr. Trevelyan places at the end of his volume reveals the interesting fact, that the period on which he has written has engaged the attention of many remarkable workers. Amongst the original authorities rank at least two great literary classics, Clarendon's History of the great Rebellion and Pepys' Diary, and with these must be placed Burnet's History of My own Time, Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, on which Carlyle's genius conferred the right to belong both to the "literature of knowledge and of power," the political pamphlets of Swift, and a host of memoirs, at the head of which stand out the fascinating Life of Colonel Hutchinson and the ever-fresh Memoirs of the Verney Family. And

* "England under the Stuarts." By G. M. Trevelyan. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Co.)

From a Drawing by Vierge. **Don Quixote.**

(Reproduced from "The Portfolio," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd.)

even if Hallam, Klopp, Seeley, and Mr. Corbett as historians are not in the first division of the first class, Mr. Trevelyan has enjoyed the advantage of reaping the fruits of the researches of a unique trio—S. R. Gardiner, Ranke and Macaulay—whose names alone speak for themselves. Happily, too, not the least of those to whom Mr. Trevelyan has expressed his obligations, Prof. Firth is still with us, preparing to complete the work of Mr. Gardiner, by grappling with the part of the century which has been least systematically explored, the reign of Charles II., on one tangled and controversial problem of which quite recently Mr. Pollock in his "Popish Plot" has thrown such valuable light. But if Mr. Trevelyan's subject, England in the Seventeenth Century, presents an embarrassing richness of material, it is also governed by a singularly striking unity. With the accession of James I. and VI. opened a chapter of national history which fitly closed with the death of the last Stuart Sovereign, Anne. There were Stuart Pretenders to the English throne before 1603 as there were after 1714, but the century that lies between these two dramatic dates is in its broadest aspects a century of Stuart rule, its ideals, its practice and its collapse. Twice the dynasty was altered, two revolutions were involved in the act, and then after a short interval for a third time a Stuart occupied the throne, and that was the end. This dynastic problem, however, picturesquely embodies national issues more momentous, more pregnant with results for the future of the country and its people than even the Tudor revolution in the relations of Church and State. It is because Mr. Trevelyan so firmly grasps the unity of the problem as well as its many-sided character, and makes it the central text of his work, that his volume will be found not merely interesting, but instructive in the best sense. On Puritanism, and Anglicanism, on the relations of the State to the Established Church, and to the religious organisations outside its pale, on the struggle for constitutional liberty against arbitrary power, on the intellectual movement towards toleration, on operations of war by sea and land, on Buckingham, Strafford, Laud, Pym, Cromwell, Shaftesbury, Halifax, Marlborough and Bolingbroke, he has of course much to say, but directly or indirectly he is always bringing his readers back to the central theme, that all these are really subordinate to a larger question which embraces them all:—This England as the Tudors left it, what was it going to become? And why and with what reason did it become what it did in 1714? And what is the real meaning and importance of the process? Nor I imagine would Mr. Trevelyan permit these to be regarded as purely academic questions. For the men and women of 1905 they are in direct relation to, and with a very intimate bearing on, their own lives as citizens of the State, whose bases were laid after much sweat and anguish in the seventeenth century. History is clearly a very living and vivifying science to Mr. Trevelyan. The men and women of England under the Stuarts were not fighting for shadows, but for ideals and causes that were to build up a nation and a State; the principles and end of which can be intelligently studied and estimated, the outcome of whose effort, victors and vanquished alike, demand not only as impartial and laborious examination as a seeker after truth can give, but a judgment and a verdict. Mr. Trevelyan, I gather, is no adherent of the fashionable cant of relativity of standards in the historian's task of assigning praise and blame after due investigation of the evidence, a doctrine of which Lord Acton, who became the master at Cambridge of those who know, made such short work. He leaves us in no doubt as to what historic truth means to himself, nor is he afraid to express with lucidity and force the conclusions that careful study compel him to adopt. Not the least valuable part of his book is his earnest endeavour to bring into clear relief the influence and evolution of social and economic forces, and to explain through them much that otherwise in the political and constitutional struggle would be obscure or unintelligible. The two opening chapters of his book in particular, in which the results of his social and economic researches are blended into a comprehensive survey of the whole field of society, not only contain much that is new, not only remind one of a famous chapter in Macaulay in their happy tapping of the contemporary literature, but are a brilliant piece of historical exposition, full of picturesque colour, felicitous phrases, and sympathetic insight, and throughout his book we can see that Mr. Trevelyan is never satisfied (for example in his account of Monmouth's rising), until he feels that the social and economic basis has been adequately investigated, even though the investigation only leads to a tentative conclusion. This alone gives his work an individual and independent character. And that Mr. Trevelyan in dealing with character and political movements can visualise and express his vision with clear cut vigour, let one passage out of many that might be cited suffice (p. 330).

> "On the 25th of May (1660) the English world stood crowded on Dover beach, to see what kind of angel was this deliverer for whom they had sent. A man stepped out of the boat whose thick, sensuous lips, dark hair and face of a type more common in Southern Europe, confirmed an origin and temperament in every way the opposite to those of the English squire who had grown up among the Puritans of Huntingdon. The Mayor of Dover put the English Bible into the stranger's hand. He of the thick lips declared 'that it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world.' The worthy Mayor was enchanted at so honest an answer, for he did not perceive that the comic spirit had landed on our coast. The wittiest company of comedians that history records had come to tread the stage for a while, as little appreciated on the whole by the English people as were the great tragedians who had played their piece and were departing, undismayed by the howling and the fury, wrapped in the dignity of self-dependent virtue, Republicans without fear, without repentance, without hope."

Criticism of historical work so often means only that a fellow-student simply differs either in first principles or in the conclusion to be drawn from admitted facts, and requires so much space for it to be just that a discussion in detail of the many problems dealt with in this volume is in these columns impossible. But I infer, on internal evidence, that Mr. Trevelyan is more interested in the period down to 1689 than in that which follows. The complicated reigns of William and Anne do not seem to attract him with the same force; and both the constitutional evolution involved in the great Revolution, and the great military and naval drama of the war of the Revolution are somewhat unduly compressed. To allot the proportions to the parts of a century when space is limited so as to satisfy everybody is probably impossible, but speaking for myself I should have welcomed more detail, more discussion of some of the very difficult problems that these two reigns present. Both William III. and

Marlborough are still perplexing riddles; and the early career of Bolingbroke is full of unsolved enigmas on which we cannot have too much light. And if I may add one more captious comment. Is not Mr. Trevelyan throughout just a trifle hard on "priests" and "the priestly mind"? I would not go so far as to suggest that he is unjustly anti-clerical, for he is singularly impartial in his criticism alike of Anglican, Roman Catholic and Dissenter, but certainly if he can administer a rebuke to the members of any denomination he does not miss the opportunity, and generally the epithet "priestly" or its equivalent is lurking not far off. Mr. Trevelyan must therefore be prepared to find that it is the sections of his book in particular which involve the handling of the ideals, methods and results of the Anglican Church that will probably evoke the sharpest criticism from those who really differ from him on first principles. But this is only another way of saying that the volume as a whole is characterised not merely by laborious research, but by a remarkable independence and courage. I sincerely hope that it will be as widely read as it deserves to be, for it is a serious and stimulating contribution to the study of a period which no historical worker can afford to neglect.

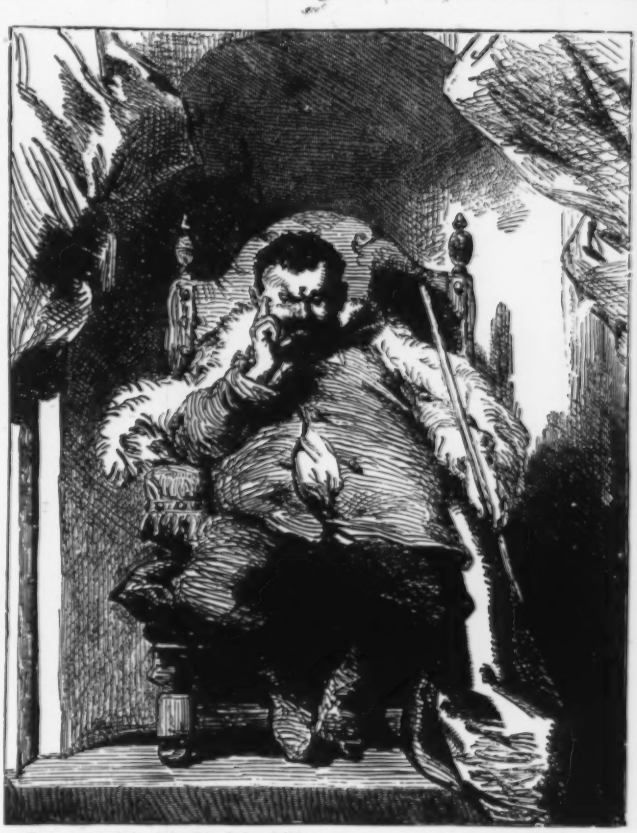
C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

NINETEENTH CENTURY REMINISCENCES.*

An elderly resident of Westgate-on-Sea, where Mr. Justin McCarthy now lives, one day paid him some pretty compliments. Among them Mr. McCarthy did not count the surmise that he must have seen, and could well remember, George the Third! He was more gratified when "the elderly resident" spoke of the pleasure it gave him to read descriptions of distinguished persons by an author who had actually seen and known them. This must be an almost universal pleasure, and it is assured to readers of all three books now under review. But not perhaps in all of them to the same degree. Mr. F. M. Thomas, with whom all sympathy is due, has to open his book with a warning that Sir John Robinson did not leave a volume of memoirs, as had been announced, but only "some diaries, more or less fragmentary, and a number of thick, closely-written volumes of jottings in his own handwriting, descriptive of events of which he had been an eye-witness and people he had seen or known."

Among those who were associated with Sir John Robinson—especially those open to the suspicion of having eyes and ears for "copy"—who will not remember a warning finger suddenly stretched out, a mock apprehension in eyes twinkling behind spectacles, and an emphatic admonition:—"Now, Blank, don't you go and print that anywhere. I am keeping it for my book"? There were hints of things that could only be told in that book. It might have been expected that such things never would be told by, or for, Sir John Robinson. He was in some respects a timid man, and as a deliberator on what might be properly published, his timidity stiffened into that fear which is the highest moral courage, the fear to do wrong. With the aid of a natural gift of mimicry he could entertain his friends by vivid descriptions of incidents, either in public or private life, which had touched his keen sense of humour. But he was as shrewd as he was humorous. His air of imparting confidence only amused those who knew how closely he kept his own counsel and the really secret counsels of others. What he might have made of his own material had he told the story of a journalist, as his friend Mr. McCarthy has told "The Story of an Irishman," is one thing. What it was possible for anyone else to do with the same material, assuming that it was all left undestroyed, is another. When Mr. Thomas is giving his own recollections of Sir John Robinson, paying his own tribute to his memory, or collecting the tributes of others; or again, where we have a long passage from Sir John's diaries—not the more, but the "less fragmentary" passages—we approximate to the enjoyment of the missing volume of memoirs. All the rest Mr. Thomas, selecting the method which he found most suitable to his scrappy materials, has to weave into a series of chapters about topics which will enable him to utilise Sir John's "fragments" and vivid little descriptions (sometimes mere lines) of different persons. At these parts we are neither reading much about Sir John Robinson, nor much about Fleet Street, but we are skimming chapters at least of good entertainment for general readers, although to a special class some of it may be stale.

Had Sir John Robinson written his own memoirs his most vivid chapters would have sparkled with the names of Mazzini and Kossuth. He had undoubtedly been caught in that fever of enthusiasm which greeted the "Dictator of Hungary" when he visited this country; and even the subsequent excitements of the American civil war, and the war between France and Germany, which gave him his crowning distinction as an enterprising newspaper manager, had not overlain his keen interest in the cause of Italian Unity, which, indeed, was naturally revived by the events of 1870. The scheme of Mr. Thomas's book is long in bringing us to this very central enthusiasm of Sir John's career, and the diaries have furnished less material concerning it than might have been expected. Perhaps Sir John thought there was little necessity for him to multiply "jottings" on a subject of which he was so full. His love of young children is mentioned in a quotation from the funeral address, but does not seem to have been indicated in the diaries, although he was rather proud of his own success in entering into the imaginings of the little ones and being admitted as a partner in their cultivated illusions. But Mr. Thomas has reproduced a note of his tenderness in the description of a winter walk from Brighton to Lewes, in which he observes that a little hungry robin kept up with him and his companion for half a mile, and says:—"I would have given a sovereign for a biscuit to break up for him. As it was, we had not a crumb." Another indication of sentiment mentioned by Mr. Thomas was his unwillingness to read novels that did not



From an original by Sir John Gilbert. **Sancho Panza.**

(Reproduced from the *Art Journal*, by kind permission of Messrs. Virtue and Co.)

* "Fifty Years of Fleet Street." Being the Life and Recollections of Sir John R. Robinson. Compiled and edited by Frederick Moy Thomas. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

"The Story of an Irishman." By Justin McCarthy. 12s. (Chatto and Windus.)

"After Work: Fragments from the Workshop of an Old Publisher." By E. Marston, F.R.G.S. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

end happily. Regularly once a year he read his Walter Scott and his Jane Austen again, and found time for a wide range of reading besides.

"The Story of an Irishman" touches at several points the ground over which we have been taken in Sir John Robinson's diaries, and suggests at the outset one remark equally applicable to the careers of both men. Both rose from the humblest ranks of journalism by virtue of their own keen interest in what was passing around them and their diligent application to their duties. Sir John Robinson, the son of a Congregational minister of slender means, was at work in a printer and bookseller's business in his fifteenth year, and began reporting on country papers before he was eighteen. Mr. McCarthy, whose father was a magistrates' clerk, had in his seventeenth year to give up training for the law and begin reporting work on *The Cork Examiner*. Both men naturally owed much to their well-educated fathers, and both came under the good influence (especially good for the nineteenth century journalist) of men actively promoting the social movement then at its birth. Young Robinson was taken in hand by the Rev. Henry Solly, and Mr. McCarthy was an intimate *protégé* of the famous Father Mathew, at whose Temperance Institute in Cork he carried on his youthful studies and improving diversions. But Mr. McCarthy had one enormous advantage over the future editor ot the *Daily News*. The school life of Mr. Robinson was irksome to him. He broke from it with "a happy cry of freedom." The whole "Story of an Irishman" is delightful reading, but few passages are more pleasing than that in which Mr. McCarthy dwells on the delights of his education by his only schoolmaster, John Goulding — a prototype of his "Mr. Conrad" in the novel "Mononia." This master, who seems to have anticipated the best modern methods of education, intensified Mr. McCarthy's natural love of literature, and so we read, "I acquired, while still in the days of boyhood, a good general knowledge of all the great Greek and Roman authors, and an intense love for their books, and I soon became able to read fluently for my own delight the masterpieces of Greek and Roman epic and tragedy." "Don't tell me that my dear Justin McCarthy is an Irishman; he has lived all his life in England," Sir John Robinson is reported to have playfully observed when called upon to defend some teasing remark about Mr. McCarthy's countrymen. Mr. McCarthy can say with any Scotchman, "Far ha'e I travelled and muckle ha'e I seen," but if anyone doubts his being the keenest of Irishmen he has only to read this book. But, says Mr. McCarthy:—"I have not had to contend during my career with any unfair treatment on the part of publishers or of public because of my nationality, my religion, or my political convictions." Mr. McCarthy had to make the House of Commons his "literary workshop as well as his political sojourn." He gives an amusing description of his trials when trying to complete a love scene amid the constant interruptions of the division bell. Since Mr. McCarthy justifies the Parnellite obstruction policy as "means to an end," those who feel the deep importance of the changes this policy has brought about in the independence of Parliament may be pardoned for getting more enjoyment out of this passage than Mr. McCarthy intended, and for regarding it as a case of the biter bit. Mr. McCarthy has known American celebrities almost as well as English ones. He ranked Wendell Phillips with Bright and Gladstone as an orator. He pays a splendid tribute to Horace Greeley as a man of the purest and noblest character, and as holding on his way undaunted, following only his "inner guiding light." While the *Daily News* in England was standing up for the North, Mr. McCarthy in New York was lecturing to remove false impressions as to the extent of English sympathy with the South. Mr. McCarthy preceded Mr. Morley in the editorship of the *Morning Star*, which brought him into close intimacy with Mr. Bright. After his short period of work in America, where he at one time thought of settling, he began writing leaders for the *Daily News*, a work he continued for many years without interrupting his other work. He just missed introductions to Thackeray and Beaconsfield, but his book is full of references to other authors and statesmen, actors and artists. Like Sir John Robinson, he is able to supply personal reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone. Extremely generous are his references to Mr. Parnell. They will puzzle the future historian, but also warn him to tone down the very different impressions which other contemporary writings will convey. The charm of the romancer is not cast over fiction alone. "The Story of an

From a Painting by Stodhart. Ashbee Collection.

The Marriage of Lucinda.

From the Painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., in the Tate Gallery.

Sancho Panza and the Duchess.

"Sancho recounted the whole, exactly as it had passed."
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Irishman" shows how in the glow of retrospect, and by the treatment of a skilful pen, it may enliven and adorn autobiography.

Opposite the prefatory note to Mr. E. Marston's book stands the striking quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes:—"I should like to see any man's biography with emendations and corrections by his ghost." Mr. Marston modestly calls himself an amateur writer, but can he wish it to be inferred that "After Work" is by him and a literary ghost? Mr. Marston is nearly four years older than Sir John Robinson would have been to-day, and nearly six years older than Mr. McCarthy. So even if he could not satisfy Mr. McCarthy's "elderly resident" with memories of George the Third, he had a personal cause to remember the accession of Queen Victoria. He has seen knee breeches superseded by the modern garment, quills by steel pens, the tinder box by lucifer matches, the spinning wheel and hand loom by steam-driven machinery, and the stage coach by the locomotive and the motor-car. This book is a succession of reminiscences of the numerous distinguished people whose works he has published, or with whom he has had to do in his time. It is adorned with some good portraits, including those of Bulwer Lytton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, R. D. Blackmore, Clark Russell, Bishop Bickersteth, Sir W. Butler, Jules Verne, Fred Burnaby, and Sir H. Stanley. These of course are but a few of the eminent persons of whom he has something to tell. We are familiar with the author's opinion of the publisher, and here, in the midst of much that is even more interesting, we get the point of view of the other side. We learn how, for example, Wilkie Collins "had a perfect knowledge of his own value, and stood in no need of a literary agent to make bargains for him"; how Charles Reade "was an excellent man of business, and was very careful of the commodity which furnished the title of his book, 'Hard Cash'"; how Fred Burnaby was "a fine hand at striking a bargain, and by no means under-estimated the value of his literary work," taking "more delight in vanquishing a publisher than in winning a battle." Mr. Marston has a granddaughter called Lorna, which pleased Mr. Blackmore, who, however, did not regard "Lorna Doone" as his best or even his second best book, and in Mr. Marston's opinion looked with a kind of jealousy on that book's favour with the public. It is interesting to note that Mr. Marston, while bemoaning the present fortunes of publishers as affected by cheap literature and new methods of bookselling, does not despair of the future. In a passage, which to-day has a pathetic significance, he remarks that some of the old-fashioned publishers have suffered, "perhaps irretrievably," but he is still of opinion that there is a grand future for the higher class of literature and for publishers of good books.

ALEX. PAUL.

THE STRAITS OF PURITANISM.*

We have recently seen announced the publication of Mr. Sidney Lee's Boston Lectures in America, and the compliment is returned by the issue by a London publisher of the Clark Lectures, recently delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, by Professor Barrett Wendell, of Boston and Harvard. The course of lectures now before us must have been one well worth hearing. In their permanent shape they strike us as a contribution of unusual sagacity and breadth of judgment to the consideration of literary evolution in the seventeenth century. They avoid alike the German ponderosity and the finikin elegance which is so apt to alienate us from the typical American literary thesis. They are not by any means a variety of *Horae Academicae*, but represent the fruitage of a mature mind dealing with "the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life" as it appeared to the men of the seventeenth century.

The direction given to this enquiry has evidently been modified by the natural preferences of a true lover of what is best in literature. It might be objected that in order to explain the chasm in thought and expression which separates Shakespeare from Dryden, it would have been better to assume a little more general knowledge of the character of

* "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature." Clark Lectures. 1902-3. By Barrett Wendell. 7s. net. (Macmillan.)

Elizabethan literature, and so proceed without loss of time to a scientific exploration of the religious experience and pietistic frost to which our romantic literature had to submit in 1640. Professor Barrett Wendell, however, finds the investigation and definition of the Elizabethan quality so absorbing that he is unable to debouch from this part of his subject until the day is far spent.

But there is little occasion to regret a course which shows us that he has subtly interwoven much of the very latest research into his synthesis. We think personally that he has somewhat exaggerated the evidence of a natural decay in the drama from 1616 onward. That the drama declines after Shakespeare is a mere truism. Shakespeare's work synchronises very closely with that of most of his contemporary dramatists of any account. He died in 1616. Beaumont died in the same year; Tourneur's work was finished some years previously; Ben Jonson, Webster, and Dekker had done all their best work before the end of that year; Fletcher died in 1625, and Middleton in 1627. These facts imply at least a temporary decline. But, apart from them, it would be difficult to show that the drama of the period exhibits any distinct tendency to decadence. The pessimism of Webster and Tourneur, their love of abnormal horror and gloom, may be regarded as decadent, but cannot reasonably be held to imply the approaching decline of the drama in England. Of the newer men, Ford and D'Avenant exhibited the same symptoms of decadence; but, on the other hand, Massinger was particularly sober and rational. The decline of the drama seems to have been due, immediately, to the disappearance of the great writers, and later, to a great extent, to the growth of Puritanism, with its attendant social and political disturbance.

But the lecturer more than atones for this by the abnormally sane and unexaggerated view that he takes of the evolution of Shakespeare's dramatic method. Nor does he, in our opinion, by any means over-estimate the value of Thorndike's chronological researches in their bearing upon this subject. "Thorndike has shown with convincing probability that certain old plays concerning Robin Hood proved popular; a little later, Shakspere produced the woods and the outlaws of 'As You Like It.' The question is one of pure chronology; and pure chronology has convinced me, for one, that the forest scenes of Arden were written to fit available costumes and properties—that the green raiment of the banished duke was an Elizabethan prototype of the tubs of Mr. Vincent Crummles. Again, Professor Thorndike has shown that Roman subjects grew popular, and tragedies of revenge, such as Marston's; a little later Shakspere wrote 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Hamlet.'

"With much elaboration, Professor Thorndike has virtually proved that the romances of Beaumont and Fletcher—different both in motive and in style from any popular plays which had preceded them—were conspicuously successful on the London stage before Shakspere began to write romances. It seems likely, therefore, that 'Cymbeline,' which less careful chronology had conjectured to be a model for Beaumont and Fletcher, was, in fact, imitated from models which they had made. In other words, Professor Thorndike has shown that we may account for all the changes in Shakspere, after 1600, by merely assuming that the most skilful and instinctive imitator among the early Elizabethan dramatists remained till the end an instinctively imitative follower of fashions set by others." This is a very sensible view, and fits in better with a rational admiration for Shakespeare than the gaping wonder which is responsible for the wearisome burden of Shakespearean Hermetic and Hermeneutic.

It is only when he reaches 200 out of 350 pages that Professor Wendell takes breath from deep draughts of the Elizabethan spirit to launch his three chapters on Milton and Puritanism, the antagonism between which and literary culture he seems to us to mitigate rather unnecessarily. Compared with the first eleven chapters thus happily devoted to Shakespeare, Spenser, Drama, the Bible, Bacon, Burton and Browne, the Puritans and Milton, the last or twelfth will probably seem to most readers a little disappointing and commonplace. There is nothing in it at any rate quite commensurate in interest with the conclusions reached in previous chapters, or with generalisations so well known as those of Taine, Jusserand, Beljame, Ker, Garnett, among others. Each chapter alike, however, is remarkable for its smooth, urbane, and deliberate eloquence.

We observe, from time to time, an unfamiliar idiom, on p. 216, for instance, "The Puritan spirit of the earlier days was of another *stripe*," or a rare and occasional misprint, such as that on page 59, where we are commended to "*Keat's* Sonnet" on Chapman's Homer. T. S.

LORD COLERIDGE.*

Without being pre-eminent either as an advocate, judge, or statesman, Lord Coleridge was undoubtedly the most imposing legal figure of the Victorian era. Not one of his contemporaries was gifted with the same remarkable versatility of genius, or attained the same distinction in so many different spheres of human activity. Lawyer, Neo-Catholic, lover of art and lover of scenery, lover of books—such are the manifold aspects in which his biographer portrays him to us. Lord Coleridge was, to use a popular phrase, born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was the bearer of a great and honoured name, and was nurtured amongst surroundings which were more than propitious to early intellectual development. As the son of a judge he was afforded much material assistance when he came to tread the narrow and thorny path which has to be traversed by the aspirant after forensic honours. His career at Oxford was not only brilliant, but also gained for him the lifelong friendship of such men as Jowett, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and Clough. His progress at the Bar was unusually rapid, but even so it is interesting to note the acute depression which at times overtook him, and to which every member of his profession without exception falls a victim at one stage or another of his career. His biographer does not go into the details of this portion of his life, perhaps wisely, as a narrative of forensic triumphs and failures is apt to prove monotonous to the layman. The first honour to fall to Lord Coleridge's lot was the Recordership of Portsmouth, followed very shortly afterwards by the remarkable compliment of the unsolicited offer of a silk gown by the Lord Chancellor. In 1865 he was chosen to represent Exeter in the House of Commons, and at once came to the front in Parliament as the champion of an abortive bill for the abolition of tests in the University of Oxford. In 1868 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and in 1871 Attorney-General; offices which practically ended his career as a politician, owing to the stress of the duties connected with them. In 1871 his life story becomes merged in the history of the Tichborne case, his conduct of which was one of his greatest achievements, despite what many adverse critics have said. *Punch* celebrated his great twenty-five days' speech in the following stanza:—

"And hast thou slain the Wagga-Wok?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy.
Oh, Coleridge J.—Hooray! Hooray!
Punch chortled in his joy."

In 1873 Gladstone appointed him Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in 1880, on the death of Cockburn, he became the first Lord Chief Justice of England.

As an orator Lord Coleridge stood head and shoulders above his competitors at the Bar, and his speech in the Tichborne trial still stands as a model of forensic eloquence. It was said by a competent critic that he would enjoy listening to "silver-tongued" Coleridge even if he only read out a page of Bradshaw. But it was not merely the charm of his voice and manner which carried his audiences with him, he could also throw himself into the arid recital of a squalid incident with such enthusiasm as to clothe dry bones with living interest. As a cross-examiner he was not the equal of Lord Brampton, nor did he possess his fighting qualities, although his advocacy was of a far more refined and polished order.

It cannot be said that Lord Coleridge left a lasting impression on the law of England; his great judgments can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. He further showed a lack of appreciation of the needs of the business community, which led him to obstruct and thwart those who desired the establishment of the Commercial Court, now universally admitted to successfully supply a long-felt want. Moreover, as his biographer tells us, "he was not a good judge of character." He allowed himself, for mistaken or insufficient reasons, to despise or dislike public and private

* "The Life and Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England." Written and edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

persons who had incurred his displeasure or antipathy. He was also over-sensitive, and when he believed the principles which he held sacred to be at stake, or when he smarted from real or imaginary wrongs done to himself, "he shot out his arrows, even bitter words." These faults, added to a certain impetuosity and irritability of temper, not only militated against his success on the Bench, but unfortunately also made him quite undeservedly unpopular with many of his contemporaries. No English judge has, however, been held in greater respect by his colleagues, as witness the following appreciation by Lord Lindley:—

"His mastery of language was great; his judgments were always luminous, and they are models as literary compositions. There runs through them a broad and liberal spirit, a love of truth and freedom, a detestation of trickery and sophistry, and a marked reluctance to decide in obedience to authority when opposed to his own clear views of justice. He was a great man, and was appreciated most highly by those who knew him best."

One of his most lovable characteristics was his modesty. This is what he writes in his diary about the Tichborne trial:—

"I do humbly thank God, who has given me strength to go through with it—strength of body, for as for mind the intellect that I have contributed has indeed been mighty little. I had perhaps the strongest team at the Bar, and the case was too strong to be lost. But I am thankful for the end. The Tichbornes seem very grateful, but they ought not to be to *me*."

It is needless to add that the biography of so striking a personality cannot fail to be of the very deepest interest. Mr. Ernest Coleridge has carried out his self-imposed task with loving care and fidelity. The arrangement of these two volumes is, however, open to criticism. Unnecessary and tedious masses of undigested correspondence are sandwiched into the letterpress in a somewhat cumbrous and clumsy manner. In fact, the book as a whole is too long, a fault which is due to its being overloaded with letters, many of which are of little or no interest, and have no relation to the real scope of the work.

MR. MONCURE CONWAY'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.*

Whatever else may be thought of the contents of these two portly volumes, undeniably they are interesting. Even without the charm of Mr. Conway's attractive style they could scarcely be otherwise, for this "earthward pilgrimage" of more than seventy years is rich in experiences, and has brought the author in touch, and often in intimate contact, with an unusual number of distinguished men and women. The earlier chapters are perhaps a little wearisome. So detailed an account of innumerable ancestors and other relatives of varying degree, Conways, Daniels, Moncures, and the rest, cannot have any special interest beyond a strictly limited circle. This portion of the narrative may have been necessary, but certainly it is confusing. Again, in telling of his early years, even Mr. Conway's magic touch fails to make the dry bones of that long dead self to live again. He has changed too utterly since then to be able to revive, even for a brief hour, the sentiment of those early years. He can only record the bare facts, so far as his memory or his diary serves, and the necessary result is that his account of that period is not much more than a catalogue of incidents. Afterwards, however, unless Mr. Conway's very pronounced and constantly reiterated opinions on religion, politics, and other subjects should cause exasperation, the reader will find the narrative at once thought-provoking and delightfully discursive, and will discover uncommonly little that may be skipped.

As a student of the genesis and evolution of myths, Mr. Conway has long won distinction. He has also achieved something as a maker of myths himself. The process of their growth may be traced in his autobiography. For instance, in the course of his reminiscences of Carlyle, he writes: "One Christmas afternoon I called to offer greetings to Carlyle. He said, 'Ah, yes; I had forgotten; but just now, passing the public-house at the corner, I remarked that the crowd was drunker and larger than usual, and then I remembered that it was the birthday of their Redeemer'" (Vol. I., p. 360). But in Mr. Conway's monograph on Carlyle, published in 1881, we read: "In Christmas week he said to his friend William Allingham that he had observed an unusual number of drunken men in the street, and 'then,' he quietly remarked, 'I remembered that it was the birthday of the Redeemer'" (p. 76). Discrepancies of this kind are not important in themselves. The harm they do is that they create a feeling of uncertainty. Mr. Conway would not wilfully be guilty of any misrepresentation, much less of any offensive or dishonouring misrepresentation. But he has not an accurate eye for detail. His imagination is apt to mingle with his memory, and the consequence is that while as a rule he states what certainly might be true, he is liable to stray away from actual facts. His temperament is that of the poet rather than that of the historian or critic. One thing is certain, he is never guilty of detraction. He has a keen instinct for merit wherever it may be found. He has always liked to be in contact with distinguished persons, not in the spirit of the tuft-hunter, but rather as a hero-worshipper. Nevertheless, even his prime heroes were never permitted to govern his convictions. They exercised legitimate influence over him, but he has always thought out conclusions for himself. If, in some instances, the conclusions were reached without adequate evidence, at least they were his own. Carlyle who, when he was not swayed by prejudice, was an astute judge of men and women, and as Froude said, had "great insight into the human face and into the character which lay behind it," described Mr. Conway to Emerson in these terms: "We always liked him well. A man of most gentlemanly, ingenious ways; turn of thought always loyal and manly, though tending to be rather winged than solidly ambulatory." Such a man deserves to be cherished for what he is rather than condemned for what he is not. If he had been chosen instead of Froude to be Carlyle's literary executor, it is possible his presentation of his subject would not have been more accurate, but the error would have been in quite an opposite direction. We should have had a rather sentimental and romantic Carlyle, prone to shed tears on slight occasion.

Mr. Conway was born in Virginia, the son of parents who were slave-owners. Afterwards he became an active ally of the Abolitionists, and while the civil war was in progress he conveyed his father's slaves to the north at the risk of his life. But the very fact that his only experience of slavery was derived from Virginia, and mainly in the household of one of the most humane of slave-owners, prevented him from ever realising to the full the horrors of the "domestic institution" as it existed in the United States. Slavery stands condemned on principles quite apart from any incidental cruelty that may be exercised. It is notorious that the slaves of the best slave-owners were exceedingly happy; certainly more free from hardships and anxieties than they were after "emancipation." But it is equally notorious that in other States than Virginia there was much atrocious cruelty. Mr. Conway complains that "one slaveholder seizing negroes seeking liberty outweighed the benevolence of ten thousand kind masters whose servants clung fondly to them" (Vol. I., p. 48). Unhappily, the records of the Anti-slavery movement point too conclusively the other way. Holding such opinions, however, it was natural that Mr. Conway should find himself somewhat at variance with his co-workers when the crisis came. He had no sympathy with Lincoln's determination to maintain the Union at any cost. He thought the war was a stupendous mistake, for which he held that Lincoln was responsible. When the South fired on Fort Sumter he would have had the Government abandon it. For the moment, indeed, he was "carried off his feet," and preached a sermon justifying the President's action. But the opinion he entertained afterwards was that if "the worthless and indefensible old fort" had been abandoned the country would have assented "without a murmur." This is at least questionable. He goes further. He seems to think that if Lincoln had not taken his decisive stand for the maintenance of the Union, the chief slave states would not have seceded, and the war would have been avoided. It is strange that he does not perceive that at that stage the South was determined either to dominate the Union or to secede. As he himself testifies, war and secession had been talked of for years. The slave power had been growing for a generation

* "Autobiography Memories and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway." 2 vols. 30s. net. (Cassell.)

or more, and had reduced the North to a condition of abject submission. But it had over-reached itself, and a reaction set in. Lincoln was elected, not by a majority of the people and not as an Abolitionist, but at least in opposition to the nominee of the slave power. The South would not brook the affront, and its attack on Fort Sumter was deliberately intended to frighten the North, or failing that, to provoke war. If Fort Sumter had not been defended another cause of offence would have been found. Lincoln did not "plunge the nation into a war of coercion." The only alternative presented to him was to become the tool of the South, as his predecessors had been. Mr. Conway blames him much for what he regards his half-heartedness about slavery, yet, referring to an interview which he and others had with the President in 1862, he remarks that "the President seemed to think that we were mainly concerned for the negro race, whereas the thing of immediate importance was the liberation of our entire country from the horrors of war and its causes." Mr. Conway himself was a more resolute foe of war than of slavery. The war may have been a mistake. We can see now that if in its issue it abolished legalised slavery, it failed signally, so far as the negro race in the United States is concerned, to establish liberty. But it was not Lincoln's mistake. Doubtless he committed many errors, as any man so placed must have done. It is conceivable that some of his errors—such as the choice of Stanton and Halleck as his advisers—served to prolong the war, but the theory that he had any reasonable choice at the outset is not, as it seems to me, justified by history.

Some of the most entertaining chapters in this book relate to the author's intercourse with his many friends. Of these Emerson and Carlyle, more perhaps than any others, were his true teachers and inspirers. He was first attracted to Emerson by a quotation from the essay on "History" found casually in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1847. What he thought of Emerson when he came to know him personally, he has told in other places more fully even than here. From a letter, he quotes a characteristic sentiment of Emerson: "I do not gladly utter any deep conviction of the soul in any company where I think it will be contested—no, nor unless I think it will be welcome" (Vol. I., p. 155). Mr. Conway's admiration for Lowell is strictly moderate; perhaps he did not see him at his best. At any rate, he discovered "a certain provincialism about him," and "thought he did not seem . . . to have much interest in the great problems that filled the air with discussion." This is a curious judgment to pass on Lowell, who, whatever were his limitations, was surely a zealous reformer. It is the more curious when compared with his evident admiration for Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whom he says, truly enough, that "he sometimes humoured 'reformers' as he might a patient, but never gave himself to any reform." Herein his character differs in a marked degree from that of Mr. Conway himself, who has never flinched from any cause because it was unpopular, and has always been the ready champion of the oppressed. In his time he has supported many causes; and now it would seem that his absorbing desire is for the coming of universal peace. He had a memorable experience in witnessing the battle of Gravelotte, and one of the finest chapters in the *Daily News* war correspondence is his description of the scene. After the battle he returned to England, having had enough of war. He has, indeed, had more than enough, and he closes his autobiography with an impassioned appeal against it. The revival of the war spirit, signalised by the Spanish-American war, the Boer war, the struggle now waging in the Far East, and the lynching of negroes in the Southern States, has almost broken his faith in the progress of mankind. That it will revive, by and by, in one who all his life has struggled and suffered so bravely for what he deemed was truth and justice, need not be doubted. WALTER LEWIN.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.*

In this volume, Mr. Lang has reprinted thirteen of his essays, with a note or sequel to one of them. Nearly all of these essays appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine* last year; but they have been revised, altered, corrected, and enlarged. Two or three of the mysteries are of importance historically, notably the Gowrie conspiracy, which Mr. Lang treated at much greater length in 1902. All the essays are sprightly expositions of mysteries, which excited keen feeling in their own day; and are still interesting to the modern reader, such as "the case of Elizabeth Canning," "the Campden mystery," "the case of Allan Breck," "the Cardinal's necklace," and "the case of Captain Green."

The thirteenth essay is up to date. It is entitled "the mystery of the kirks," and is intended to explain the present church crisis in Scotland. This is hardly the place to discuss such a subject, but it may be pointed out that Mr. Lang's statements should not be implicitly accepted. For example, he says:—"When Andrew Melville led the Kirk, under James VI., she maintained that there was but one king in Scotland, Christ, and that the actual King, the lad, James VI., was but 'Christ's silly vassal.'" Now, on the occasion that Melville called King James "God's sillie vassall," he said to him:—"Thair is twa kings and twa kingdomes in Scotland. Thair is Chryst Jesus the King, and his kingdome the Kirk, whase subject King James the Saxt is, and of whase kingdome nocht a king, nor a lord, nor a heid, bot a member." This passage has been so often quoted that there is no excuse for misrepresenting it. Nor was King James at that time a mere lad. He was fully thirty years old. Here is a statement which will surprise those who know anything at all about the history of the Scottish Presbyterian churches: "At the Revolution of 1688-89 the Remnant did not accept the compromise under which the Presbyterian Kirk was re-established. They stood out, breaking into many sects; the spiritual descendants of most of these blended into one body as 'The United Presbyterian Kirk' in 1847." Apparently Mr. Lang does not know that the United Presbyterian Church was formed in 1847 by the union of the United Secession Church and the Relief Church. The founders of the Secession Church remained in the Established Church until 1733, that is, forty-three years after the Revolution Settlement of 1690. Of the founders of the Relief Church, one remained in the Established Church until 1752, and another until 1757. The United Presbyterian Church, therefore, was not formed of the spiritual descendants of those who stood out against the Revolution Settlement.

The portrait of Elizabeth Canning is an appropriate frontispiece to the volume. D. HAY FLEMING.

* "Historical Mysteries." By Andrew Lang. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE LITERARY PILGRIM.*

So intimate is the association between Mr. Hardy and Wessex that it is often difficult to think of a Dorsetshire town without thinking of the man who has made that region so peculiarly his own. Many a Wessex village owes such fame as it possesses to the fact that it figures in one of Mr. Hardy's novels, and even those towns like Dorchester and Poole, which have left some mark in English history, are enriched by their literary associations. Was it not Hazlitt who said that to be mentioned by Gibbon is enough to confer immortality on a man? Canterbury, too, will always be associated with the name of the first of the great English poets; and although the genius of Chaucer had in it too much of the universal to be localised in the same way as the genius of Mr. Hardy, the Mecca of English pilgrims retains for all Chaucerian students an abiding interest independent of its historic associations.

It was a happy idea which suggested this series of books, appropriately called the Pilgrimage Series, intended to deal with those parts of England and Scotland which are richest in literary memories, from the point of view of the great writers who have made them peculiarly their own. It is a series which should appeal to every lover of literature, as it enables the literary hero worshipper to visit the various shrines hallowed by the work of his hero, at least in imagination if not in reality, while it provides an invaluable guide for the happy man who is able to make the pilgrimage himself. The two books which we have chosen as representative of this series are a good instance of the widely different types of mind which the idea of the series attracts. While Mr. Snowden Ward treats Canterbury and the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in the spirit of the historian and the literary critic, Mr. Harper is chatty and discursive, an ideal companion for a holiday ramble. Mr. Ward's book forms an excellent introduction to Chaucer, besides containing a

* "The Hardy Country." By C. G. Harper. "The Canterbury Pilgrimages." By H. S. Ward. 6s. each. (A. and C. Black.)

lucid summary of the history of the rise and decline of the Canterbury pilgrimages, and an interesting contribution to the thorny question of the geography of the Pilgrims' Way. The elucidation of the Way is a difficult but fascinating subject, and Mr. Ward's book would not have lost anything in value had he given us less Chaucerian text and more of results of his own investigations. Mr. Harper's book, on the other hand, is of necessity less historical. He is writing of town and villages made famous by the works of a living novelist, and he has given us a pleasing record of the leisurely rambles of an eager and inquisitive wanderer, always quick to learn the lore of each hamlet he visits. Mr. Harper has become an expert in pilgrimage, and his sprightly, easy style is too well known, from "The Great North Road" and other books, to call for comment. Mr. Harper is his own illustrator, while Mr. Ward relies on his wife's excellent photographs, which formed such a conspicuous feature of "The Real Dickens Land." Both books are worthy additions to an admirable series.

PROF. H. SIDGWICK'S ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.*

The ordinary fortune of "Essays" and "Addresses" is to be ephemeral. They stir some interest for a little season and then disappear and are forgotten. Only some eminent literary skill or some conspicuous dignity of theme can lengthen, even for a while, their natural date. And yet when a writer of real distinction dies it is, perhaps, reasonable that the scattered and less known fragments of his work should be gathered up and brought to our recollection. Such fragments often help us to understand a man better than his more formal writings, and are in fact a part of his biography; nor will the many students of Prof. Sidgwick's treatises on Ethics and Political Economy turn without interest and advantage to the present collection of his essays. They are sixteen in number, and deal (1) with literature, (2) with economics and sociology, and (3) with education. Those which form the third group are not of special interest. An essay, for instance, on "Idle Fellowships," which no one now defends and which have ceased to exist, hardly seems to need reprinting, while "A Lecture on Lecturing" is chiefly noteworthy for the account of an Oxford student who took such diligent notes of certain lectures on Transcendentalism that he would have passed his examination in philosophy "had he not in his last answer had occasion to refer several times to the 'universal I' which constitutes the centre of the Transcendental world" and always written "universal eye." On the other hand Prof. Sidgwick's short discussions of various economical questions are of permanent value, notably his refutation of the claims of Auguste Comte, Herbert Spencer, and Benjamin Kidd to have established a "science of sociology," while an essay on "The Economic Lessons of Socialism" deserves attention if only for the statement—doubly important as coming from a writer so cautious and competent—that "no positive contribution of any importance has been made to economic science by any Socialist writer during the nineteenth century." But the really remarkable essays are the three first, dealing with "*Ecce Homo*," with Matthew Arnold's views of "Culture," and with the poems of A. H. Clough. Even though the subjects which they discuss have, perhaps, lost much of their original interest, yet Prof. Sidgwick's essays, alike for their intrinsic merit and for the light which they throw on his capacity, certainly deserve to be rescued from oblivion. The writer is Prof. Seeley's master in theological knowledge, and more than his master in clear and cogent reasoning, while in criticising Matthew Arnold's "delicately impertinent" discourses about that culture which, in a new world of "sweetness and light," is to "transform and govern" even the idea of religion, he pierces that master of penetrating sarcasm through and through with an irony surer and more finely tempered than his own. And finally, in writing about Clough, a philosophic poet of distinctly second rank, a poet whose characteristic was, in his own words,

> "To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
> Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,"

he exhibits that highest of critical faculties which consists in bringing light out of obscurity, in making what was perplexed plain, and in teaching us to catch beneath the broken music of imperfect verse the movement of a noble harmony. Prof. Sidgwick's eminence in his own special department of study is established, but these essays prove also that the reputation he always bore in Cambridge as a man of singular knowledge and originality in many branches of learning was fully merited. T. E. PAGE.

* "Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses." By Henry Sidgwick. Edited by E. M. and A. Sidgwick. pp. 374. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

Novel Notes.

NOSTROMO. By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Harpers.)

Among present-day novelists there is no one more reliable and individual than Mr. Conrad. His distinction of style and his delicately minute characterisation are as difficult of analysis as they have proved of imitation. Many successful modern novelists have suffered cruelly from the extraordinary skill of their understudies; but if we except a recent novel by Mr. Edward Noble, we are not acquainted with any story of the sea which could for a moment be mistaken for the work of Mr. Conrad. "Nostromo" is a "tale of the seaboard," the seaboard being a South American republic with an established reputation for revolutions. In the maze of its petty politics and its cosmopolitan crowd of comic-opera politicians Mr. Conrad finds subjects very congenial to his art, and "Nostromo" will deservedly rank among his happiest achievements. "Nostromo" himself is a character of great subtlety, drawn with a relentless insight, of which only Mr. Conrad has the secret. Able and courageous, the man is the slave of an overweening vanity, the prey of an immoral self-consciousness. The puff of popularity he mistook for material success, and in the end of a long and absorbing story his house of cardboard collapses in a pitiful ruin. There are many fine pictures of the sea in the book, but we confess to thinking that Mr. Conrad has reached his highest mark when, as in the unforgettable "Youth," he has been content with a comparatively small canvas devoted exclusively to the sea. In "Nostromo," as in all his more elaborate romances, Mr. Conrad's remarkable art is insufficiently concealed. The story proceeds by a series of leaps of narrative and bounds of parenthesis. The characters are painted in with an infinitude of masterly little touches, but Mr. Conrad is inclined to blur his picture by his very over-attention to detail. His character-analysis is perfectly atomic. In a sense he tears a ruling passion to tatters, without observing the "temperance that may give it smoothness." In ordinary hands this method would produce insufferable dullness, but Mr. Conrad's brilliance of style and narrative vivacity would cover defects much more numerous than the most captious criticism would dare to lay to his charge. "Nostromo" will certainly seem to many readers the most notable novel of the past year; others it will not entirely convince or please. But every reader will be conscious of its spell, and no fair-minded critic but will gladly acknowledge the immense labour and the undoubted genius that have been spent freely in the making of a remarkable book.

BACCARAT. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is the sort of book that is commonly spoken of as "unpleasant," and superficially speaking, it is so; but such a word will not adequately cover the circumstances, however ugly they may be in themselves, that serve to develop the dormant strength and innate nobility of the practical and undemonstrative John Courtney. Moreover, it is all written with so sure and admirable an art that any "nastiness" in the matter of the story is transfigured and justified by the manner of its telling. It is the story of an erring wife and a husband who, for sheer love of her and from an overwhelming sense of his duty, forgives her, in face of certain conditions that render forgiveness almost impossible. The conclusion is rather melodramatic; it is a very moving and heroic incident—the final proof of John Courtney's high self-subjugation; but though one half suspects it is a concession to that large public that thirsts after happy endings, one is not prepared to wish it away, for without some such happening, John, being after all only human, could not have gone

successfully in the difficult path he was taking; whereas this last event, whilst it leaves his conscience clear, removes the child that is the great obstacle in the way of a perfect reconciliation between him and his wife, and gives them both hope in the future. It is the strongest, the most able, and the most intensely human novel that "Frank Danby" has yet given us.

THE TALKING MASTER. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s. (Isbister.)

Mr. Teignmouth Shore's little comedy is full of freshness and fun. The central idea is refreshingly original, and is full of chances which the author has been quick to seize and utilise. Fred Cross, when the story opens, is down in his luck, the possessor of less than thirty shillings. But a good angel comes to his help in the massive shape of Mrs. Eben Riley, whose millionaire husband requires lessons in the art of conversation. So Fred fell on his feet, and naturally accepted the offer of five hundred a year in return for instructing Mr. Riley one hour daily. The lessons are very diverting, and Fred's success is so marked that old Riley rapidly develops into a wind-bag. Mr. Riley's daughters also took part in the lessons, and with one of them Fred also achieved astonishing and rapid success of another kind. This is a refreshing book to read, full of laughter and good-humour and good writing.

MEN OF THE NORTH SEA. By Walter Wood. 6s. (Nash.)

Just now, when the recent outrage of the Russian Baltic fleet has reminded some and made the rest of us aware of the existence of the fishermen of the Dogger Bank so that we are all talking about them, these graphic stories of the perilous lives that are lived by the primitive, fearless "Men of the North Sea" will be read with a peculiar interest. There are sixteen of them, and the very sound and savour of the sea is in them all. They make you realise vividly the quaint simplicities, the breezy humour, the magnificently unconscious heroism of these rugged, kindly fellows who fight the treacherous sea for a bare subsistence. There is the tragedy of the sudden wave in a night of storm that sweeps a man overboard in the dark, as in the finely pathetic narrative of "A Broken Skipper"; there is the comedy of a sailing boat becalmed, and the bridegroom at his wit's end for a way of getting home in time for his wedding, as in "The Wedding Run of Skipper Bain." "A Skippered Statesman" is too merely farcical for belief; now and then Mr. Wood's dialogues are a little forced and artificial, but as a rule they have a convincing ring of truth about them, and his descriptive passages are always written with a virile imaginative force that gives them all the life and colour of reality.

THE HOUND FROM THE NORTH. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

There is no doubt about Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's ability to seize an intensely effective scene or situation and have it on paper as vividly as if he used colour and brush. "The Hound from the North" is another proof of his literary skill in aiding his robust imagination. Here we have a romance which begins on the great lonely snow deserts at the northern extremity of the Rocky Mountains. One man is battling his way with his gold across the trackless wastes; he is dying, he is found, he is succoured, he is robbed. Gold means so much to this man that the loss of it partially maddens him, and he plans to do unto the next traveller as he himself has been done by. Then follows the story of robbery, and murder, and the hound with the torn foot who follows, bleeding, over the snow in the wake of the murderer. Mr. Cullum rises to heights in these terse, descriptive scenes; he is less successful when he turns to the domestic affairs on the Canadian farm, and his plot is a trifle unconvincing in parts; but at the same time a writer who can combine so well the spirit of adventure with the awesome strength and mystery of Nature has learnt the chief secrets of the writer's "trade," and can be forgiven the smaller things which are lacking.

DAUGHTER OF JAEL. By Lady Ridley. 6s. (Longmans.)

To win and to hold a reader's sympathy for a heroine who has murdered a helpless man while he slept is no easy achievement, but this is what Lady Ridley has triumphantly accomplished in "A Daughter of Jael." Frances Carey and her brother Harry have been brought up in a ruinous, ill-kept old country house by a niggardly, heartlessly tyrannical grandsire whom both of them hate. He had broken their father's spirit and crushed all hope out of him before he died, and now, bedridden and intolerant, he is insisting on a course that will ruin Harry Carey's career, and it is to save her brother from the fatal reckless living to which he is being driven in his despair that Frances stains her soul with murder, feeling that nothing but the use her brother makes of the larger life she thus makes possible to him can justify her in so terrible an act and save her from remorse. She has the courage to take what seems to her the only way to her brother's salvation, and the courage afterwards to keep her secret and bear the burden of her guilt alone. A time comes in later years when she is sorely tempted to adopt, with equal justification, a similar desperate remedy to save her husband from the wiles of a woman who has subtly obtained influence over him, but the need for her intervention is averted. The character of Frances is a masterly study; the story is ably constructed, and written with real power—its intense emotional appeal is simply irresistible.

SIEGFRIED. By S. Baring-Gould. 6s. (Dean and Son.)

In this, the second of Messrs. Dean's series of romances founded on the themes of the grand operas, Mr. Baring-Gould retells the story of Siegfried as it is unfolded in Wagner's great trilogy, "Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "Gotterdammerung," without, however, slavishly acquiescing in Wagner's additions to and omissions from the original legend. Mr. Baring-Gould has restored or accentuated certain points that tend to simplify the whole tale and render it more coherent; in a word, he has, as he explains in his preface, essayed "to tell the story in such a manner that it can be grasped as a story," and he has carried out his purpose with complete success. The romance is deftly and lucidly written, and its old-world atmosphere and charm are cunningly retained. Mr. Charles Robinson's admirable illustrations add greatly to the value and attractiveness of the book.

THE BANDOLERO. By Paul Gwynne. 6s. (Constable.)

The bandolero is Don José Calderón, who avenged a cruel personal wrong by kidnapping the only child and heir of his enemy, the Marqués de Bazan. The brigand has the lad reared at a farm, where he and a girl, Petra, fall in love. Now Petra is Calderón's, or Carrasco's, daughter; and, besides that, the lad is loved by a jealous Sevillana, Concha. Thus unforeseen complications arise, all of which are vigorously drawn by Mr. Gwynne. His knowledge of Spain has again served him well. There is a thrilling sketch of a bull-fight, with Sapito, or Blas, as a protagonist, and the story is set in a vivid environment of wild Spanish scenery. The love interest comes to its due height and hope in the last chapter, but even apart from that the most exigent reader will be more than satisfied. It is a keen, convincing, ably written novel.

ATOMS OF EMPIRE. By Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The title of this volume of short stories does not strike one as particularly appropriate. Some of the best tales, like "Held Up" and "Shot," have no connection with the British Empire at anyrate, while others are entirely unimperial. But Mr. Hyne is at his best in describing the West African coast and the life of its English colony; and whatever one may think of the string he has used to tie his bundle together, he has gathered some capital sticks. Perhaps the truest praise one can give the book is to say that it reminds one of that earlier manner of Mr. Kipling, which, alas! seems to have been dropped amid his traffics and discoveries. Only, Mr. Hyne is quite original, and he is always readable, exciting, fresh. The present volume indicates also a versatility which promises good results to come.

THE APPLE OF EDEN. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The problem which Mr. Thurston has set himself is the celibacy of the priesthood, and he has grappled with it earnestly, courageously, and with a measure of success. It is his very earnestness that has prevented him from attaining a greater success. The problem is obtruded in season and out of season, and the entire machinery of the story is constructed only with the purpose of exhibiting it with

theatrical effectiveness. The book, in short, is quite inconclusive and unsatisfactory as an answer to the question it raises, and its cleverness is not of the study but of the stage. The two central figures, the neurotic priest and the neurotic woman, do not enlist sympathy, while the manner of their meeting makes a heavy demand on the power of coincidence. It is imperative to say that Mr. Thurston has treated a none too pleasing subject with great delicacy. In an Irish novel we naturally expect at least a gleam of humour, but we look for this in vain. There are many crude things in the story which seem to mark it as a first attempt, but its defects are not without qualities of promise. In his next book we trust that Mr. Thurston will refrain from tearing a neurosis to tatters, that he will abjure the Popian heresy that life is all a single "ruling passion," and that he will put aside all thoughts of the curtain, the footlights, and the hidden orchestra.

THE HEART OF PENELOPE. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has given us in "The Heart of Penelope" one of the best of recent novels. The study of Penelope's character is a brilliantly subtle piece of work. She tantalises and baffles the reader, no less than she does her lovers, to the end of the book. She loves one man and does not marry him because he did not insist upon it; she marries a man she does not love and works with him in an East London Settlement till he dies; then she meets again and becomes intimate with her old lover, and when everybody is foreseeing that she will marry him at last, comes a notorious diplomat, Sir George Downing, who as a young man had been disgraced and dismissed from his office, but, self-exiled in Persia, had served his country there so signally that after twenty years of absence he returns forgiven and covered with honour—he comes, and Penelope is caught by the glamour of his strange story and attracted to him irresistibly; but there are reasons why this romance of hers can close only in tragedy, and it is not Sir George who marries her at last. It is a full book, and the stories of its various characters are very deftly woven into a novel of quite exceptional power and interest.

THE MAN AT ODDS. By Ernest Rhys. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Mr. Rhys has written a smuggling story of the Welsh coast and the Severn Sea, which is full of go and gore. But, for a tale of the sea-coast, it has one most unsailorlike quality. It is full of loose ends, of characters like Counsellor Morgan and Mistress Gwendal, Tom Sweet, Fibus, Merrick, and Lockie, who appear and disappear in a rather aimless fashion. A mysterious Jacobite plot is also hinted at repeatedly. But nothing comes of it. The story is really a series of brisk episodes, drenched in blood and brandy, which occur one after another in the life of Rounce and his mates on board *The Charming Sally*. Taken as a set of sketches, it is an interesting volume. But, with a coherent plot and a stronger hold of his main characters, the author might have made a capital romance out of the materials of which he is evidently a master.

A LADY IN WAITING. By the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The Lady-in-Waiting is an unselfish, observant woman, "like one of the people in a play, who walk on and stand about to be talked to, and don't help the story on much, but all the same it would wreck the play if they were taken out." She spends most of her time visiting either her fashionable friend, Lady Gillingham, or her prosaic brother-in-law, a clergyman, and the various chapters of the book are a series of sketches with her personality as the thread of unity. Mrs. Anstruther describes modern society with a pleasant satirical touch, but without any wearisome attempt at being smart or cynical or indignant. *Surgit amari aliquid*. She never misses that, in the bubbling water of society. Her eyes are alert to the undercurrents of homely tragedy and pathos that run so near the surface of the most sparkling life, and her gay humour does not prevent her from realising how hard life is on some, especially on women. The two strongest chapters in a vivacious, thoughtful book are those entitled "Shadows on the Wall" and "Drama and Old Age." Happily, the Lady-in-Waiting finds her affinity in the end, so that the story fulfils Darwin's main canon in fiction. It is a sincere pleasure to read it, and a duty to recommend it. Either in periodicals or in book form, we shall welcome further work of this fine quality and tone.

THE SILENT WOMAN. By "Rita." 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Rita" has turned from her flippant, naughtily fascinating Irish heroines, and given us in "The Silent Woman" an exciting story of plot and passion. Rufus Myrthe, a young American who has come to England and settled in Derbyshire while he searches old registers and otherwise hunts for proof that shall entitle him to claim a lost inheritance, meets with many ordinary and extraordinary people, and stumbles into a complication of mysteries that are not easily unravelled. For one thing, he is stricken with love for the invalid wife of the cold and callous Dr. Quarn, who, secretly loving another woman, is by insidious degrees sapping the life of the unsuspecting girl he has married, with the medicine he prescribes for her cure. Rufus fathoms his villainy, and is confronted with the difficult task of making Patience Quarn believe that her husband is in intention a murderer, and before the end the doctor is found dead in strange circumstances, and suspicion falling on Rufus, he is charged with the crime and goes in danger of the gallows. It is one of the cleverest sensational stories we have read for a long time, and we have considered with mixed feelings the prefatory note in which "Rita" denounces the large newspaper syndicate that objected to the story as being "over the heads" of their public.

The Bookman's Table.

EGOMET. By E. G. O. 6s. (Lane.)

This little volume will give delight to all bookmen who have the good fortune to discover it. The anonymous author is possessed of the secret of the real essayist. He knows his Montaigne thoroughly; he has spent many days and nights with Addison and Steele. He has learned many excellent things from the goodly company he has kept. He writes of books with the enthusiasm of a real lover, and he so contrives it that his enthusiasm is contagious. Among recent books none has given us more real pleasure. There is no straining after effect, no attempt at epigrammatic cleverness. What E. G. O. aims at is the effect produced by the after-dinner talk of a very clever and well-read man. In this he is entirely successful. His essays are quite charming, full of learning lightly borne, replete with literary grace and sound common-sense. Of its kind, a very excellent and rare kind, this is certainly a notable book.

WESTERN EUROPE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY. WESTERN EUROPE IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY AND ONWARD. By the late Professor E. A. Freeman. Two volumes. 10s. net each. (Macmillan and Co.)

It seems rather strange that these fragments of history should not have been issued until twelve years after their author's death, and that when so issued they should remain practically in precisely the same unfinished and uncorrected state in which they were left by Professor Freeman at his death. Either they should have been brought out promptly, or they should have been carefully revised, repaired, and fortified by more recent research. The appearance of uniformity between them goes no further than size and price. Owing to the smaller type used, the eighth century volume contains probably twice as much matter as its fellow, possibly more than that. Both volumes, we hasten to say, are admirably printed and corrected for press. Both exclusively concern the early mediæval student. There is extremely little that is characteristic of the old Professor and his manias in either, but more (it appears) in the earlier volume than in the other, though the chapter on the Italian and Saracen Wars of Pippin (circa 750) contains the best examples of narrative. We had hoped for some further exposition of the Professor's views of the fifth century invasion of Britain, but there is practically nothing, and we are left to our conviction that evidence is gradually accumulating which will go far to undermine the views respecting Celtic annihilation and repression in the fifth century, which Freeman did so much to render orthodox a quarter of a century ago. The second

volume is extremely fragmentary, but extends roughly from the last wars of Charles Martel in 737 to the crowning of Otto in 962. Both volumes are thoroughly well indexed.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Vol. VII. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

The Jewish Encyclopædia seems to gather momentum as it goes, and volume follows volume with almost overwhelming rapidity. The present issue carries us from Italy to Leon, through about 1,800 different articles. The interest of the volume centres in the treatment of Jerusalem, Jesus, and Judaism. In connection with the first a series of maps on tracing paper is given, so that by laying one above the other, the differences in the city at various periods of its history can be seen. There is also a large, folded panoramic view of the modern city. On "Jesus" there are three articles, treating respectively the Gospel history, the theological aspect, and the Talmudic accounts. The articles are temperate, and all that could be expected from Jewish writers. Several of the subordinate articles are extremely interesting. Those which give some account of the various mixed dialects, and those which treat of little known places or of men so well known as Lassalls, invite attention. Appearing, as it does, at a time when Judaism is so much in the public mind, this encyclopædia cannot fail to be of service.

WALTER PATER. By Ferris Greenslet. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. (Heinemann.)

Walter Pater is one of the last writers upon whom we should have expected to have seen a thoroughly satisfactory monograph, but Mr. Greenslet has solved the problem triumphantly. It is a difficult undertaking to write a satisfactory account of one whose life has been entirely uneventful, and whose character can for the most part only be inferred from his works. The author is then of necessity driven to take refuge in mere criticism, which, unless he has a very firm grasp of his subject, is apt to degenerate into mere vagueness, which only escapes dullness by the aid of paradox. Mr. Greenslet sees his theme steadily, and sees it whole: the restricted scale of his work, too, is in this instance favourable. As an American, he can scarcely be expected to recognise the collateral movements in English life and thought which help to explain the advent and the influence of Pater, but his view of Pater's work, so far as it was individual, is most luminous. Pater's career may be described as an ascent, from the mere hedonism to which his exquisite sensitiveness had in the first instance not unnaturally fallen captive, into a reign of gravity and sanity. There is indeed some reason to question whether this ascending line might not have ultimately described a curve, and whether the effeminacy of hedonism might not have proved to have merely given place to the effeminacy of ecclesiasticism; but it would be idle to raise a question which now can never be answered. With every drawback, Pater was a representative figure, who can never be omitted from any survey of English æsthetic. It will be a task for the future to exhibit him in his relation to contemporary thought; the individual is adequately portrayed by Mr. Greenslet, whose labours are not superfluous, since Pater needs to be indicated, though once indicated, he hardly needs to be expounded. His style, though not obscure, is at first only attractive to those endowed with lively æsthetic perception. Working too much in the spirit of the artist who deals with matter, he has missed the supreme grace in the communication of thought, the *ars celare artem*.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover. Vol. XII. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

This volume completes the edition of Hazlitt's Works as originally designed; but it is proposed, if the subscribers support the project, to issue a complete index, and to add, in three aditional volumes, Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon." Great credit is due to the editors for the diligence with which they have sought uncollected and unrecognised material, and for the pains which they have taken in explaining Hazlitt's allusions, and in identifying his innumerable quotations. The present volume contains fugitive pieces gathered chiefly from reviews and other periodicals, and of these more than a score have not been previously republished. And now, provided with these twelve great volumes, every reader can make his own selection. In the case of such a writer as Hazlitt selection is essential; but there is hardly an essay or an article of passing interest which may not include a paragraph or a sentence that gleams with the sparkle of some half or quarter truth, or with some flash of swift and vivid enjoyment. He was the most unequal of writers; the ray often breaks through a cloud, and the clouds are often driven by a gale of passion. But there is a certain fatigue caused by a monotony of laboured perfection from which we never suffer while in Hazlitt's company. He never brought his powers into harmony; but the spirit of literary or artistic enjoyment sometimes harmonised them for a moment or even for an hour, and there is something almost of dramatic effect in the drifting play of lights and shadows. Criticism is much more than the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces, but the phrase describes accurately enough the nature of Hazlitt's criticism at its best. If we cannot expect justice from him—justice, for which some self-control, perhaps some self-effacement, may be necessary—he at least provides valuable material upon which the spirit of justice may go to work. In his judgments there is no finality, but his capacity for vivid pleasure may serve another critic in the hopeless quest after finality.

> "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
> Loyal and neutral in a moment?"

"No man," answers Macbeth, and certainly not William Hazlitt; but he is each of these in swift succession.

A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTING. By C. Gasquoine Hartley. 10s. 6d. net. (Walter Scott.)

In "A Record of Spanish Painting" the author has fully established her claim to a place among writers whose work tends to a just appraisement and appreciation of Spanish Art. A large amount of research and study must of necessity be expended on a volume which recounts fully the growth of a nation's art from the standpoint of historical evolution. The earlier chapters of the book deal with the various outside influences which affected Spanish painting from the tenth to the first part of the seventeenth centuries, and the final triumph of the National Manner over Italianism. In the latter portion of the work separate chapters are devoted to the great artists Zurbaran, Ribera, Murillo, Velazquez and Goya, followed by a very short section on the modern school of painters. The author writes of what she knows, and the descriptions of pictures she has seen are the result of her critical judgment, and invariably reflect artistic opinions gained by experience rather than those of an already accepted point of view. The appendices form an important adjunct to the volume, and include a brief historical summary, a chronological list of Spanish artists with notes where their pictures may be studied, and a list of all the important Spanish paintings in the principal English and Continental Galleries. The illustrations, which usually form an important feature in a book of this character, are effectively reproduced in half-tone, and include a number of beautiful works of art.

THE CATHEDRALS OF NORTHERN FRANCE. By Francis Miltoun and Blanche McManus. 6s. net. (F. Werner Laurie.)

It is not to be supposed that a book of 400 pages, dealing with fifty famous cathedrals, can be more than an abridgement of a large mass of material. The art lies in making this abridgement judiciously. In our opinion this has been so done, for the authors have given, in the space they have allowed themselves, just enough matter to rouse a traveller's curiosity, and enough of fundamental facts upon which to build further and deeper research. We would advise readers to adopt the unusual course of beginning at the Appendices, a set of ten carefully arranged groupings. Each grouping contains lists of data in parallel columns, showing at a glance useful information. He would afterwards find this information elaborated in the book itself, the eighty illustrations indicating enough of these "glories" of French architecture to win his admiration. The book is tastefully got up, even to the insides of the covers; the cathedrals are grouped into areas, and each group is prefaced with an introduction. The traveller's eye is directed, with commentatory note, to each point of interest, much as Ruskin, in his own quite different style, does in his handbooks. By the way, we are at liberty, on matters of opinion, to disagree with remarks against Ruskin, and even

with those that apparently deprecate, in guarded language, the absence of "modernity" in the hostelries, and in other surroundings of these mediæval treasures, *e.g.*, the marketing under the very walls of the cathedral. We go farther, and say, may this remnant of the interlacings of daily work with religious life long continue! If we might suggest an alteration in so much that is good, the head of every right-hand page might contain the name of the cathedral dealt with on that page, instead of, as now, the title of the book; the reader then would see, without having to turn back, what cathedral he has opened his page at. On the whole, the book is another worthy addition to the volumes already existing on the same subject.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.

The volume on **Dutch Pottery and Porcelain**, written by Mr. W. Pitcairn Knowles (7s. 6d. net), comes almost as a narrative of adventure and romance as well as a history for the help and instruction of collectors. The rise of pottery and porcelain making in Holland, the circumstances which moulded the styles, as well as the men who moulded the actual articles of clay, the Royal assistance, and the influence of the merchant princes, are matters full of picturesque detail and human interest. Mr. Knowles makes those early Dutch potters seem to live again, and their town and villages are once more the scenes of busy commerce, or growing culture, or high event. Many interesting side-pieces, so to speak, of information are to be found here; as, for instance, the appreciation of English furniture and other wares by the Dutch people; an appreciation which led to the importation of an extraordinary amount of English products, especially of the Chippendale period, an appreciation which made Holland, at a later period, a treasure-house for the collector. Mr. Knowles's volume, which is one of the volumes in Messrs. Newnes' useful Library of the Applied Arts, is handsomely illustrated, showing treasures of fine collections, with many of the reproductions of beautiful specimens of Delft ware, printed in tints. Our only plea is that such volumes as these shall give some reproductions of the more ordinary specimens, specimens which the collector of small means may have some chance of finding in his treasure hunts.

MR. GEORGE A. MORTON.

There have of late been many signs of the revived interest taken by collectors in the subject of pewter-ware. But so far as we know there has not appeared as yet any work on the subject comparable in point of erudition and beauty of form to Mr. L. Ingleby Wood's **Scottish Pewter-ware and Pewterers**. Both author and publisher are to be congratulated unreservedly on the production of this very handsome book. The letterpress is full of curious learning, and speaks clearly of the closest research into the records of the Scottish guilds of hammermen. Every kind of pewter-work is carefully described and splendidly illustrated from Communion cups and tokens to "tappit hens." The book, which is produced in the most sumptuous style, and is illustrated by thirty-five fine photogravure plates, is a splendid addition to the collector's library.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY.

The Dana Gibson girl is not, it seems, the only, nor even the chief, American woman. Miss Elizabeth McCracken made a long journey, taking with her a sober enthusiasm and a kindly, critical eye; and she observed her American sisters, and investigated their ideals and achievements. She calls the book-form result of this journey **The Women of America** (6s. 6d.), and in fourteen chapters she discusses as many phases and reveals four times as many women. The pioneer woman of the West is brave and splendid; the "college girl" is generally the charming American woman with but additional charms; the professional woman is fired by high aims; the philanthropic woman puts English philanthropic women to shame, for while the English woman goes about alone doing good, the American woman bands together numbers of her sister Americans, sends out tickets, circulars, and so forth, and finally obtains legislation to right the wrong which caused the distress; the political woman—we refrain even from quotation here, for the woman voter in America has lost more than she has gained, we are told; she has gained power, but she has lost personal influence. Altogether this volume of lively impressions and amusing anecdotes is a word-cinematograph of American women at work and at play.

MR. JOHN LANE.

The almost unfailing purity of its style and the freshness of its thought alone would make distinguished the volume of essays, **Otia**, by Armine Thomas Kent (5s. net); but to these merits are added at least two others—a literary enthusiasm for or against the immediate subject, and that evasive quality which can stir in a casual reader of an essay or a review the desire to read the book reviewed or enter further into the subject discussed. Mr. Kent, one of the quietest, least obtrusive of critics, died but a year or so ago, and the literary circle which knew him best lost a fine friend and the giver of true delights. In this volume of collected work, poems and essays and reviews are gathered, and we turn from an airy, piquantly amusing article on the Della Cruscan poets, to a shrewd summarising of the inequalities of Wordsworth, from a dainty song of Spring or of Love to an enthusiastic appreciation of Trollope. Mr. Kent believed in Trollope, and certainly by his quotations he proves that this author had a beauty of language commonly overlooked by even the admirers of his characters and pleasant stories. From the classics to the modern parodists Mr. Kent was able to enjoy literature, and with apt phrase, and but few obscurities, to show how much and why he did so.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Well met, as poet and artist, are Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. F. Carruthers Gould in **Cartoons in Rhyme and Line** (4s. 6d. net). If the poet is over-serious, or serious over-long, the artist seizes on the lighter speck in the sober whole, expands it, and presents it full sized, as humour with a speck of seriousness. If the artist might be thought by grave persons to hold up some too-important questions to ridicule, the poet by his four-line tirades, or his eight-line satires, or his full-sized poems of denunciation gives the necessary weighting to the matter. And through it all we can see that both are earnest and both are able to see a light side to grave political situations. Sir Wilfrid, as we have come to expect, bears down upon the Beer Trade with a volume of eloquence which is by no means watery in itself; he also thrusts rather hardly with his pen at Mr. Chamberlain; but other sinners, politicians, bishops, brewers, are well-flicked, also, through the volume. As for the "cartoons in line," good drawing or bad drawing (and we get some of one and a little of the other) does not seem to matter, for the idea and the expression of it are inimitable. The volume is a lively side view of our later political history.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

The affection which is a blindfolder of judgment may be a beautiful quality in the home, but it has its dangers in the world of books. Such an affection, it seems, has blinded the literary judgment of some of the friends of the late Aubrey Beardsley, and induced them to collect and publish a volume of **Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley** (5s. net). The letters are loving and impulsive, and of the kind to be welcomed by anxious friends; but we do not find the collection what the Reverend John Gray, in his Introductory Note, claims it to be—"As a contribution to the body of scientific documents it is of the first order, for it is the diary of a keen intelligence concentrated upon its utterances, without *arrière pensée*." Admirers of Aubrey Beardsley will prefer to remember him by the more beautiful qualities of his drawings; his friends will have many reminiscences of his personality and his work; but the bigger public will not, we fear, find in this volume the qualities which make for literary or general interest.

MR. W. J. HAY.

It would be hard to imagine a more attractive souvenir of the northern capital than the beautiful brochure newly issued from John Knox's House under the title of **Edinburgh Vignettes** (1s. net). There are fourteen illustrations reproduced by collotype from various sketches and photographs, and all are supremely good. We have seen nothing indeed to equal them even in greatly more ambitious and expensive colour-books. The verses by Miss Begbie which accompany each are of high merit. In a few lines she has happily suggested the historical associations of the scenes portrayed. The booklet is certain to enjoy a great popularity.

MR. JOHN LONG.

One of the most trusting men in fiction was Lieutenant-Commander Robert Grahame, the forty-five-year-old hero of Mr. Frank Barrett's novel, **The Night of Reckoning** (6s.). The Lieutenant-Commander finds a worn and travel-stained boy sleeping on a bench on the pier, in pity takes him home, feeds him, gives him money to buy clothes, goes out for a walk, and comes back to find a beautiful girl in place of the tired boy. Here is food for trustfulness, but the story which follows makes far greater demands. All the ingenuity and strategy of a Lieutenant-Commander are demanded to face the wild happenings, including abduction, murder and unexpected love, which follow. The author of "A Set of Rogues" is facile as ever in his methods of working of desperate deeds into a blood-stirring story.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

Pretty fancies which will appeal to children, with germs of deeper truth which will be recognised by the grown-ups, are brought together by Miss Gwen Forwood in an attractive volume called **The Odd Fancies of Gwen**. Miss Forwood possesses the great advantage of being able to illustrate her own ideas, and her pictures are distinctly novel and daring. It is difficult to describe the style of this work, for in it are traces of many styles. We see the startling conventionality of the needlework artist, the fantastic feeling and cleverness in line of the Aubrey Beardsley school, pretty, artificial gracefulness of what we may call the "Art Nouveau," and a charming, absolute simplicity and directness. This may seem an impossible combination, but we commend the result as a whole to all who care for fairy-tales and gay, uncommon pictures. Miss Forwood's books hold a present pleasure, while they pique curiosity as to what she will do in the future.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Except that we do not feel quite convinced that Sarah Garland would have accepted John Bennington's proposal of marriage in the first chapter, Mrs. Finnemore's latest novel, **The Marrying of Sarah Garland** (6s.), is an impressive story of a stern love problem set in very beautiful Welsh scenery. Of course, if Sarah had not become engaged to Bennington there would have been no story, for the chief *motif* of the book is the sentence of penal servitude on

Bennington for shady money transactions, and the loyalty of Sarah, who waited to see what he would ask of her, although during his imprisonment she had grown to love another man. The weak point is that we do not feel that she ever loved Bennington, or even thought she loved him, or was in any way strongly induced to become engaged to him. Apart from one or two of these failures to convince, and a slight superabundance of descriptions of weather and scenery, the story has real strength and beauty, and gives good first-hand pictures of Welsh life and habits.

MESSRS. R. AND T. WASHBOURNE.

To follow out one of the suggestions of the late Pope and the Cardinals for the commemoration of the jubilee of the definition of the Immaculate Conception, the Reverend Kenelm Digby Best has in a beautiful volume, **Rosa Mystica,** contributed his work of gathering together thoughts and writings connected with the life and mysteries of the Mother of Christ. The book is a large parchment-bound publication, with labels and designs in blue, the colour of devotion, and gold; within are nearly fifty reproductions, full-page plates, of sacred pictures bearing on the joys and sorrows and glories of the Madonna.

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Reprints and New Editions.

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New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 10TH, 1904, TO JANUARY 10TH, 1905.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CAMPBELL, REV. R. J., M.A.—Sermons Addressed to Individuals, 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

Jewish Encyclopædia, The. Vol. viii. Leon-Moravia. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Managing Editor. Illustrated (Funk and Wagnalls)

PARKER, JOSEPH, D.D.—The Epistles to the Colossians, Philemon, and Thessalonians, 5s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

PARKER, JOSEPH, D.D.—The Epistle to the Ephesians, 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

JACBERNS, RAYMOND.—Sunday Talks with Girls, 2s. 6d. net (Brown, Langham and Co.)

Morbidity is hit with hard blows by Raymond Jacberns in this collection of "Talks." It is an encouraging lesson, with some very straight words for those who are over-indulgent in self-pity and introspection. Strength, influence, loneliness, joyfulness, love, women's rights, are among the subjects included, and thoroughness is the watchword which applies to all, for according to Nuttall's Dictionary, thoroughness means "a passing through to the end, a completeness, perfectness." A wholesome Sunday-book.

SPURGEON, C. H.—The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Vol L. (Passmore and Alabaster)

The extraordinary fertility of mind of this celebrated preacher is freshly impressed on us by the fact that this is the fiftieth volume of sermons actually delivered by him; and the publishers announce that they have materials for many volumes yet to come. The combination of sound thought and alertness always possessed by C. H. Spurgeon was never more apparent than in the present volume, which is one of the best collections of his vivid utterances.

SKINNER, WILLIAM E.—A Book of Lay Sermons, 3s. 6d. (Horace Marshall)

Soldiers and aldermen, barristers and justices of the peace preach sermons at times, and when they do it well, their words have even greater force than the words of the clergyman or minister who, as has been said, is "paid to preach." A collection of forcible discourses from men of all trades and professions is offered in this volume. The themes are varied, as are the styles of utterance; the things which unite them are sincerity and enthusiastic faith—an enthusiasm and a faith which seem to have been infectious.

Soul's Orbit, The, or Man's Journey to God. Compiled, with additions, by M. D. Petre. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

INGRAM, RIGHT REV. ARTHUR F. WINNINGTON, D.D., Lord Bishop of London.—The Faith of Church and Nation, 3s. 6d. ..... (Wells, Gardner)

A volume of sermons and addresses on many pertinent matters relating to Church and country during the last four years. Some of our darkest and brightest days of national importance are here recalled; but the more important portion of the book is concerned with questions of faith, notably the question of the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, and the Resurrection. The Bishop speaks with no hesitating voice, his aim being to assert his own belief and strengthen and reassure the weaker brethren.

THOMAS, W. H. GRIFFITH, B.D.—The Catholic Faith, 1s., 2s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

DAVIDSON, REV. JOHN, M.A.—St. Peter and His Training. Temple Bible Handbook. 9d. net. ..... (Dent)

What is Christianity? Pamphlets by various Writers, 7-10, 1d. each (C. H. Kelly)

WUNDT, WILHELM. Principles of Physiological Psychology. Translated from 5th German Edition (1902), by Edward Bradford Titchener. Vol. I. 12s. ..... (Sonnenschein)

By this excellent translation, Professor Titchener has conferred a rare service to English students of philosophy. When the book made its first appearance rather more than thirty years ago, it was a pioneer attempt. At the present time there is an immense literature on the subject, and experimental psychology has become a recognised university study. All this is undoubtedly largely due to the influence of the book now in course of translation. The fact that the translation is made from the edition of 1902 is of importance. This edition was entirely recast and rewritten, so as to bring it up to date, and to expound more definitely the author's mature conclusions. The book is illustrated with many useful figures and diagrams.

MACDONELL, ANNE.—The Words of St. Francis, 1s. net (Dent)

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FICTION.

BLACK, MAYE H.—Stories from Balladland, 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)

STOCKTON, FRANK R.—The Squirrel Inn ..... (Sampson, Low)

TYTLER, SARAH.—Favours from France, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)

In "atmosphere" Miss Tytler's strength has always lain. Whether her plot be intricate, or her story simple, she charms by the homely, or courtly, or peaceful, or exciting reality of her scenes and persons. In this new novel she tells of a pompous but good-hearted Scottish Baron and his family, who, from an uncultured, monotonous life at Balcraig, about the end of the eighteenth century, are taken by circumstances to Edinburgh, and even to France, where the dangers of the Bastille and the road have to be faced. The characters of the Baron, his faded second wife, and his spirited family are well handled, together with the vivid events with which the author deals. Love, tragedy, and humour are here.

HUME, FERGUS.—The Mandarin's Fan, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

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The number of historical novels with Scotland's warrings and Claverhouse's actions for background is, to say the least of it, observable; but Miss Wynne, although choosing a somewhat hackneyed subject, has offered several things to retouch our interest. She has used care with her material, often going to fact for the foundation of her fiction; she has written with a terse force some of her grimmest scenes, and she has made her whole story short, and free from an over-abundance of "historical records" into which her studies might have tempted her. The story of young Lindsay, his dangerous commission, and his idyllic love story is pretty and pathetic; and the times are made impressive, though the actual spirit of them has not been entirely captured.

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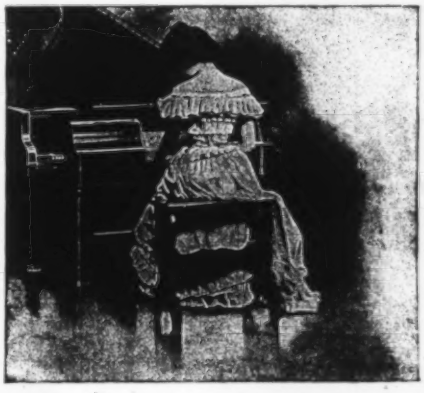

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